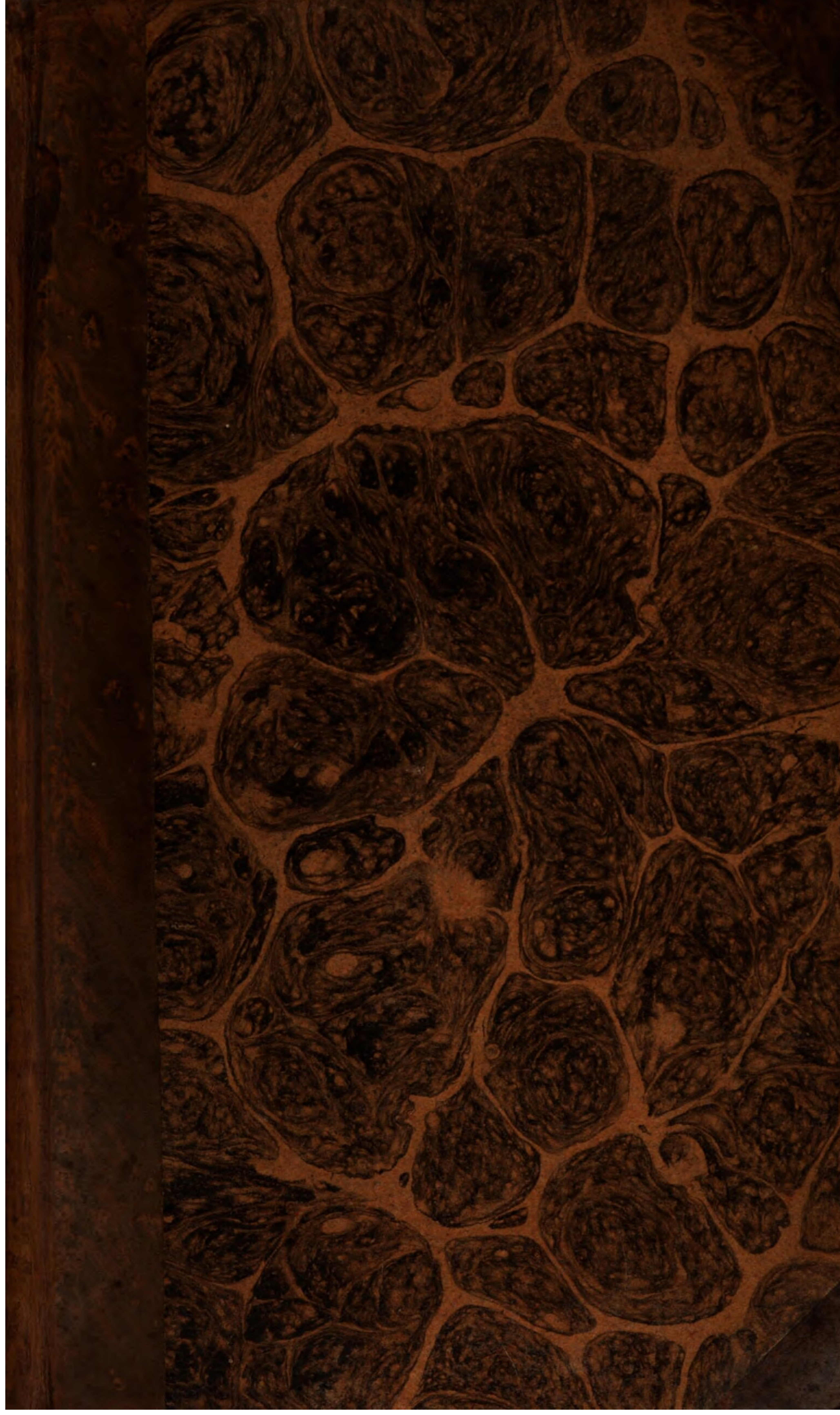




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MODERN
ENGLISH POEMS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

C o n t a i n i n g :

Gertrude of Wyoming by Campbell.
The pleasures of Hope by the same.
The Corsair by Lord Byron.
The best Ballads by W. Scott etc. etc.

COLLECTED
BY C. R. W. WIEDEMANN. M. D.

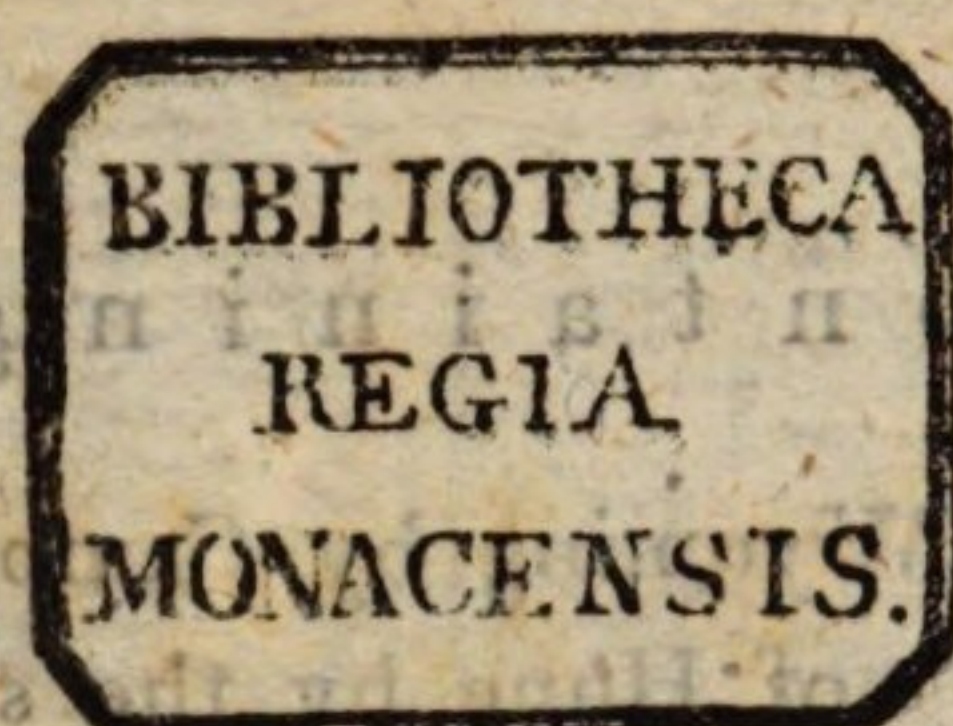
KIEL, 1815.

PRINTED FOR AUGUST HESSE, BOOKSELLER
TO THE UNIVERSITY.

7

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CONTENTS

Gertrude of Wyoming by Thomas Campbell	17
The pleasures of Hope by the same	74
The Corsair by Lord Byron	125
Ballads and other poems by Walter Scott	175
Cleopatra or Lord Ronald's Coronach	202
The eve of St. John	212
The Fire-King	248
The Red-King	250
The Norman horse-shoe	253

MODERN

ENGLISH POEMS.

Malvern	297
The Palace	301
The maid of Newgate	304
Hunting song	307

VOLUME THE FIRST.

To a lady, with flowers from a Persian well	310
The bard's invocation	311
The raven	313
Epitaph	313
Poems by Lord Byron	
Written in an album, 1800	321
To Mrs. Norton	327
Written at Athens 1810	328
Song, Athens 1810	328
Written beneath a picture	328
To Thyrza	329
Stanzas, March 1810	337
On a Cornelian heart which was broken	339
On being asked what was the object of her	340

MODERN
ENGLISH POETRY

VOLUME THE FIRST

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
Gertrude of Wyoming by Thomas Campbell	1
The pleasures of Hope by the same	56
The Corsair by Lord Byron	125
Ballads and other poems by Walter Scott:	
Glenfinlas or Lord Ronald's Coronach	247
The eve of St. John	262
The Fire-King	274
The Erl-King	286
The Norman horse-shoe	291
The dying bard	293
The maid of Toro	295
Hellvellyn	297
The Palmer	301
The maid of Neidpath	304
Hunting song	307
The violet	309
To a lady, with flowers from a Roman wall	310
The bard's incantation	311
The resolve	315
Epitaph	318
Poems by Lord Byron:	
Written in an album, 1809	321
To ***, 1809	322
Written at Athens 1810	325
Song. Athens 1810	326
Written beneath a picture	328
To Thyrsa	329
Stanzas	332
To Thyrsa	334
Stanzas, March 14th 1812	337
On a Cornelian heart which was broken	339
On being asked what was „the origin of Love”	340

	Page
To *****	341
From the Portuguese	343
Impromptu in reply to a friend	344
To time	345
Lines inscribed upon a cup formed from a skull	347
Inscription on the monument of a Newfoundland dog	349
Farewell	351
Sonnets to Genevra	352
From the Turkish	354
Poems by Thomas Campbell:	
Lochiel's warning	356
Hohenlinden	363
Ye Mariners of England	365
Glenara	367
Lord Ullin's daughter	370
Lines on the grave of a Suicide	373
Written in Germany. To winter	375
The soldiers dream	378
The turkish Lady	380
Exile of Erin	383
Lines in commemoration of the day of victory in Egypt	386
Lines written on visiting a scene in Argyleshire	389
O'Connor's child, or the flower of lovelies bleeding	392
Love and madness	405
The wounded hussar	410
Gilderoy	412
The harper	415
Poems, the author of which is unknown to the editor:	
The Thorn	417
Love	418

P R E F A C E.

English literature has always been honoured with due esteem by the german public; and though the pernicious principles of a late detestable government strove hard to banish from the Continent whatsoever found its secret way from the happy islands of Britain to those admirers of its productions, who could not withstand the gratification of their taste; yet the forbidden treasures were not entirely lost or precluded to them.

The long wished for free intercourse being at length restored, a profusion of literary productions has been transferred to us, which — pleasing as it may be to him, who cares not to squander away his money upon every thing striking by its novelty, alluring by a pompous title or a gorgeous outside — becomes puzzling to the greater number of amateurs, who are at a loss to fix their choice; a more scrupulous choice — thanks to the blood-sucking system of the above mentioned government —

being demanded, both by the scantiness of their savings for pleasure, and by the prodigious number of novelties.

We therefore take it upon us not only to choose for the public, but to offer a select collection of modern poems at a very reasonable price — compared to the exorbitant one of many in their original editions — and to continue our gleanings from the fertile fields of literature, when the first sheaf has met with a favourable reception.

We hope our labours will not be lost, and have only to add, that, with regard to the notes, many of the original ones have been suppressed, as tending only to increase the size of the volumes, others have been cropt and pruned to the advantage of the reader, and some few have been added by the editor, as it is hoped not to the disadvantage of either.

KIEL March 1. 1815.

C. R. W. W.

ABSTRACT

GERTRUDE

OF

WYOMING.

PART I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Most of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The Scenery and Incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms, converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. ISAAC WELD informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796.

G E R T R U D E

OF

W Y O M I N G.



On Susquehana's side, fair Wyoming!
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's
Unrivalled shore!

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn, till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes —
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
And ev'ry sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's ¹ song, or hum of men;
While heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and
then
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,
For here the exile met from ev'ry clime,
And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue:
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook;
And happy where no Rhenisch trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-ey'd German chang'd his sword to
pruning-hook.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay —
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?
Green Albyn! ² what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs ³ rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan
roar! ⁴

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forc'd him from a home he lov'd so dear!
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fir'd his Highland blood with mickle glee:
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life —, to plant fair free-
dom's tree!

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor seal'd in blood a fellow creature's doom,
Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, belov'd of all,
Suffic'd where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall;
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

How rev'rend was the look, serenely ag'd,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervors were assuag'd,
Undimm'd by weakness' shade, or turbid ire:
And though amidst the calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Aetna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, oh Nature! is there nought to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom-scenes of life?
And dwells in day-light truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathise?
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smil'd,
Or blest his noonday walk — she was his only
child.

The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's
cheek —

What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he liv'd to see
Unbroken, but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart — but she
Was gone — and Gertrude climb'd a widow'd
father's knee.

A lov'd bequest, — and I may half impart —
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flow'r uprose beneath his eye,
Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden play;
To time when as the rip'ning years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
(Unconscious fascination, undesign'd!)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclin'd,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind):
All uncompanion'd else her years had gone
Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue sum-
mer shone.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bow'r,
Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament;
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that help'd to light
A boy, who seem'd, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought
by night.

Yet pensive seem'd the boy for one so young—
The dimple from his polish'd cheek had fled;
When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,
Th' Oneyda warrior to the planter said,
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,
„Peace be to thee! my words this belt ⁵ approve;
„The paths of peace my steps have hither led:
„This little nursling, take him to thy love,
„And shield the bird unfledg'd, since gone the
„parent dove.

„Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe;
„Our wampum league ⁶ thy brethren did embrace:
„Upon the Michagan, three moons ago,
„We launch'd our pirogues for the bison chace,
„And with the Hurons planted for a space,
„With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk;
„But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
„And though they held with us a friendly talk,
„The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their to-
„mohawk!

„It was encamping on the lake's far port,
„A cry of Areouski ⁷ broke our sleep,
„Where storm'd an ambush'd foe thy nation's fort,
„And rapid rapid whoops came o'er the deep;
„But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
„Appear'd through ghastly intervals of light;
„And deathfully their thunders seem'd to sweep,
„Till utter darknefs swallow'd up the sight,
„As if a show'r of blood had quench'd the fiery
„fight!

„It slept — it rose again — on high their tow'r
„Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,
„Then down again it rain'd an ember show'r,
„And louder lamentations heard we rise:
„As when the evil Manitou ⁸ that dries
„Th' Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,
„In vain the desolated panther flies,
„And howls, amidst his wilderness of fire:
„Alas! too late, we reach'd and smote those
„Hurons dire!

„But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
„So died their warriors by our battle-brand;
„And from the tree we with her child unbound
„A lonely mother of the Christian land —
„Her lord — the captain of the British band —
„Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.
„Scarce knew the widow our deliv'ring hand;
„Upon her child she sobb'd, and swoon'd away,
„Or shriek'd unto the God to whom the Chri-
„stians pray.

„Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
„Of fever-balm, and sweet sagamité;
„But she was journeying to the land of souls,
„And lifted up her dying head to pray
„That we should bid an ancient friend convey
„Her orphan to his home of England's shore;
„And take, she said, this token far away,
„To one that will remember us of yore,
„When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's
„Julia wore.

„And I, the eagle of my tribe¹⁰, have rush'd
„With this lorn dove.” — A sage's self-command
Had quell'd the tears from Albert's heart that
gush'd;

But yet his cheek — his agitated hand —
That shower'd upon the stranger of the land
No common boon, in grief but ill beguil'd
A soul that was not wont to be unmann'd;
„And stay,” he cried, „dear pilgrim of the wild!
„Preserver of my old, my boon companion's child!

„Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
„On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here!
„Whose mother oft, a child, has fill'd these arms,
„Young as thyself, and innocently dear,
„Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer.
„Ah happiest home of England's happy clime!
„How beautiful ev'n now thy scenes appear,
„As in the noon and sunshine of my prime!
„How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years
„of time!

„And, Julia! when thou wert like Gertrude
„now,
„Can I forget thee, fav'rite child of yore?
„Or thought I, in thy father's house when thou
„Wert lightest hearted on his festive floor,
„And first of all his hospitable door,
„To meet and kiss me at my journey's end?
„But where was I when Waldegrave was no more?
„And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend,
„In woes, that ev'n the tribe of desarts was thy
„friend!”

He said — and strain'd unto his heart the boy:
Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy;¹¹
As monumental bronze unchang'd his look:
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook:
Train'd, from his tree-rock'd cradle¹² to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive — fearing but the shame of fear —
A stoic of the woods — a man without a tear.

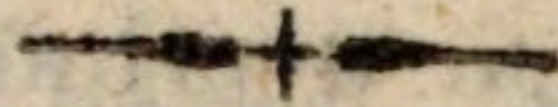
Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdain'd to grow;
As lives the oak unwither'd on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below:
He scorn'd his own, who felt another's woe:
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or lac'd his mocasins ¹³, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his
friendly tongue.

„Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
„Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,
„Oh! tell her spirit, that the white man's hand
„Hath pluck'd the thorns of sorrow from thy feet;
„While I in lonely wilderneys shall greet
„Thy little foot prints — or by traces know
„The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
„To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
„And pour'd the lotus-horn ¹⁴, or slew the
„mountain roe.

„Adieu! sweet scion of the rising sun!
„But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,
„Then come again — my own adopted one!
„And I will graft thee on a noble stock:
„The crocodile, the condor of the rock,
„Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars;
„And I will teach thee, in the battle's shock,
„To pay with Huron blood thy fathers scars,
„And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars!”

So finish'd he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran;
(And song is but the eloquence of truth:)
Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man;
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan
In woods requir'd, whose trained eye was keen
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path, by mountain, swamp, or deep ra-
vine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side —
His pirogue launch'd — his pilgrimage begun —
Far, like the red-bird's wing he seem'd to glide;
Then div'd, and vanish'd in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmer'd in the sun;
But never more, to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hail'd, with bark and plumage
bright.



It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspir'd those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem'd to love whate'er they look'd upon;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,
(As if for heav'nly musing meant alone;)
Yet so becomingly th' expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the
last.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that look'd from such a face!
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace,
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and
alone.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophiz'd its viewless scene:

„Land of my father's love, my mother's birth!

„The home of kindred I have never seen!

„We know not other — oceans are between:

„Yet say! far friendly hearts from whence we

„came,

„Of us does oft remembrance intervene!

„My mother sure — my sire a thought may claim;

„But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

„And yet, lov'd England! when thy name I trace

„In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,

„How can I choose but wish for one embrace

„Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong

„My mother's looks, — perhaps her likeness strong?

„Oh parent! with what reverential awe,

„From features of thine own related throng,

„An image of thy face my soul could draw!

„And see the once again whom I too shortly

„saw!”

Yet deem not Gertrude sigh'd for foreign joy;
To sooth a father's couch her only care,
And keep his rev'rend head from all annoy:
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatman carol'd to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appear'd in momentary view.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude
wore;
Tradition had not nam'd its lonely spot;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust¹⁵, or lift, perchance of yore,
Their voice to the great Spirit: — rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decay'd
by time.

And nought within the grove was heard or seen
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom profound,
Or winglet of the fairy humming bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round;
When lo! there enter'd to its inmost ground
A youth, the stranger of a distant land;
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound;
But late th' equator suns his cheek had tann'd,
And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space
Those downcast features: — she her lovely face
Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace:
Iberian seem'd his boot — his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks be-
came.

For Albert's home he sought — her finger fair
 Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
 Returning from the copse he soon was there;
 And soon has Gertrude hied from dark green wood;
 Nor joyless, by the converse, understood
 Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
 That gay congeniality of mood,
 And early liking from acquaintance sprung:
 Full fluently convers'd their guest in England's
 tongue.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
 Unfold, — and much they lov'd his fervid strain,
 While he each fair variety re-trac'd
 Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main:
 Now happy Switzer's hills, — romantic Spain, —
 Gay lilied fields of France, — or, more refin'd,
 The soft Ausonia's monumental reign;
 Nor less each rural image he design'd,
 Than all the city's pomp and home of human
 kind.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak, —
The loneliness of earth that overawes, —
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
Nor living voice nor motion marks around;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulph pro-
found¹⁶,
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado
sound.

Pleas'd with his guest, the good man still would
ply
Each earnest question, and his converse court;
But Gertrude, as she ey'd him, knew not why
A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
„In England thou hast been, — and, by report,
„An orphan's name (quoth Albert) may'st have
„known:
„Sad tale! — when latest fell our frontier fort, —

„One innocent — one soldier's child — alone
„Was spar'd, and brought to me, who lov'd
„him as my own. —

„Young Henry Waldegrave! three delightful
„years

„These very walls his infant sports did see;
„But most I lov'd him when his parting tears
„Alternately bedew'd my child and me:

„His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee;
„Nor half its grief his little heart could hold:
„By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea,
„They tore him from us when but twelve years
„old,

„And scarcely for his loss have I been yet con-
„sol'd." —

His face the wand'rer hid, — but could not
hide

A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell; —

„And speak, mysterious stranger!” (Gertrude
cried)

„It is! — it is! — I knew — I knew him well!

„Tis Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to
„tell!”

A burst of joy the father's lips declare;

But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell:

At once his open arms embrac'd the pair,

Was never group more blest, in this wide world
of care.

„And will ye pardon then (replied the youth)

„Your Waldegrave's feigned name, and false attire.”

„I durst not in the neighbourhood, in truth,

„The very fortunes of your house enquire;

„Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire

„Impart, and I my weakness all betray;

„For had I lost my Gertrude, and my sire,

„I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day,

„Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass

„away.

„But here ye live, — ye bloom, — in each

„dear face

„The changing hand of time I may not blame;

„For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,

„And here, of beauty perfected the frame;

„And well I know your hearts are still the same,

„They could not change — ye look the very way,

„As when an orphan first to you I came.

„And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray?

„Nay wherefore weep we, friends, on such a

„joyous day?

„And art thou here? or is it but a dream?

„And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou leave us

„more?

„No, never! thou that yet dost lovelier seem

„Than aught on earth — than ev'n thyself of

„yore —

„I will not part thee from thy father's shore;

„But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,

„And hand in hand again the path explore,

„Which every ray of young remembrance warms,
„While thou shalt be my own with all thy truth
„and charms.”

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was od'rous scent and harmony,
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight:
There if, oh gentle love! I read aright,
The utterance that seal'd thy sacred bond,
’Twas list’ning to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression’s pow’r to paint, all languishingly
fond.

„Flow’r of my life, so lovely, and so lone!
„Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
„Scorning, and scorn’d by fortune’s pow’r, than
„own
„Her pomp and splendors lavish’d at my feet!
„Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite

„Than odours cast on heav'n's own shrine —

„to please —

„Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,

„And more than all the wealth that loads the breze,

„When Coromandel's ships return from Indian

„seas.”

Then would that home admit them — happier

far

Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,

While, here and there, a solitary star

Flush'd in the dark'ning firmament of June;

And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,

Ineffable, which I may not pourtray;

For never did the Hymenean moon

A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,

In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.



G È R T R U D E

OF

W Y O M I N G.



PART III.



O love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
Roll on, ye days of raptur'd influence, shine!
Nor blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time
expire.

Three little moons, how short! amidst the
grove,
And pastoral savannas they consume!
While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;
'Tis but the breath of heav'n — the blessed air —
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to
share.

What though the sportive dog oft round them
note,
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing;
Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring,
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
No! — nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,

Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade ev'n now her love, and witness'd
first her vows.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can
pierce,

Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,

Where welcome hills shut out the universe,

And pines their lawny walk encompass round;

There, if a pause delicious converse found,

'Twas but when o'er each heart th' idea stole,

(Perchance awhile in joy's oblivion drown'd)

That come what may, while life's glad pulses
roll,

Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

And in the visions of romantic youth,

What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!

But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth!

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!

And must I change my song? and must I shew,

Sweet Wyoming! the day, when thou wert
doom'd,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bow'rs laid low!
When where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
Death overspread his pall, and black'ning ashes
gloom'd.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driv'n,
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine, and the smile of heav'n,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes;
Her birth star was the light of burning plains;
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts — the blood of British
veins —

And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

Yet, ere the storm of death had rag'd re-
mote,
Or siege unseen in heav'n reflects its beams,

Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly
dreams?

Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams
Portentous light! and music's voice is dumb;
Save where the fife its shrill reveillé screams,
Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum,
That speaks of mad'ning strife, and bloodstain'd
fields to come.

It was in truth a momentary pang;
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe!
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
A husband to the battle doom'd to go!
„Nay meet not thou, (she sries,) thy kindred
„foe!

„But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand!”
„Ah, Gertrude! thy beloved heart, I know
„Would feel like mine, the stigmatizing brand,
„Could I forsake the cause of freedom's holy
„band!

„But shame — but flight — a recreant's
„name to prove,
„To hide in exile ignominious fears;
„Say, ev'n if this I brook'd, the public love
„Thy father's bosom to his home endears:
„And how could I his few remaining years,
„My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child?“
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers:
At last that heart to hope is half beguil'd,
And pale through tears suppress'd the mourn-
ful beauty smil'd.

Night came, — and in their lighted bow'r,
full late,
The joy of converse had endur'd — when hark!
Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate;
And heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark,
A form has rush'd amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms, — and fell upon the
floor:
Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark;

But desolate he look'd, and famish'd poor,
As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desart
shore.

Upris'n, each wond'ring brow is knit and
arch'd:

A spirit from the dead they deem him first:

To speak he tries; but quivering, pale, and
parch'd,

From lips, as by some pow'rless dream accurs'd,
Emotions unintelligible burst;

And long his filmed eye is red and dim;

At length the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst

Had half assuag'd, and nerv'd his shuddering limb,

When Albert's hand he grasp'd; — but Albert
knew not him —

„And hast thou then forgot,” (he cried forlorn,
And ey'd the group with half indignant air)

„Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn

„When I with thee the cup of peace did share?

„Then stately was this head, and dark this
„hair,

„That now is white as Appalachia's snow;

„But, if the weight of fifteen yars' despair,

„And age hath bow'd me, and the tort'ring foe,

„Bring me my boy — and he will his deliverer

„know!" —

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his lov'd Oneyda flew:

„Bless thee, my guide!" — but, backward, as
he came,

The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew,
And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and look'd him
through.

„Twas strange" — nor could the group a smile
controul —

The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view: —
At last delight o'er all his features stole,
„It is — my own," he cried, and clasp'd him to
his soul. —

„Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for

„then

„The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,

„When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd

„men,

„I bore thee like the quiver on my back,

„Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;

„Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I fear'd¹⁷,

„For I was strong as mountain cataract:

„And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd

„Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts
appear'd?

„Then welcome be my death-song, and my

„death!

„Since I have seen thee, and again embrac'd.”

And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath;

But with affectionate and eager haste,

Was every arm outstretch'd around their guest,

To welcome and to bless his aged head.

Soon was the hospitable banquet plac'd;

And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fever'd joy that more profusely
bled.

„But this is not a time,” — he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand —
„This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
„The Mammoth comes, — the foe, — the Mon-
ster Brandt, ¹⁸ —
„With all his howling desolating band; —
„These eyes have seen their blade, and burning
„pine

„Awake at once, and silence half your land.
„Red is the cup they drink; but not with wine:
„Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning
„shine!

„Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
„'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
„Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
„Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:

„No! not the dog, that watch'd my household

„hearth,

„Escap'd, that night of blood, upon our plains!

„All perish'd! — I alone am left on earth!

„To whom nor relative nor blood remains,

„No! — not a kindred drop that runs in human

„veins!

„But go! — and rouse your warriors; —

„for, if right

„These old bewilder'd eyes could guess, by

„signs

„Of strip'd and starred banners, on yon height

„Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines —

„Some fort embattled by your country shines:

„Deep roars th' innavigable gulph below

„Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.

„Go! seek the light its warlike beacons show;

„Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and

„the foe!”

Scarce had he utter'd — when Heav'n's verge
extreme

Reverberates the bomb's descending star, —
And sounds that mingled laugh, — and shout, —
and scream. —

To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.

Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd;
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevail'd: —
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet
wail'd. —

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire
o'erhung

The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare;
Or swept, far seen, the tow'r, whose clock unrun,
Told legible that midnight of despair.

She faints, — she falters not, — th' heroic fair, —
As he the sword and plume in haste array'd.

One short embrace — he clasp'd his dearest care —

But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade?

Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through

the shade!

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,

Far rung the groves, and gleam'd the midnight
grass,

With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;

As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,

Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,

Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines:

And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,

His plumed host the dark Iberian joins —

And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle
shines.

And in, the buskin'd hunters of the deer,

To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal

throng: —

Rous'd by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and

cheer,

Old Outalissi woke his battle song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his steep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile aveng'd ere yet his eagle spirit parts. —

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one th' uncover'd crowd to silence sways;
While, though the battle flash is faster driv'n, —
Unaw'd, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heav'n, —
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be
forgiven.

Short time is now for gratulating speech;
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant tow'rs to reach,

Look'd not on thee the rudest partizan
With brow relax'd to love! And murmurs ran
As round and round their willing ranks they
drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave
adieu!

Past was the flight, and welcome seem'd the
tow'r,
That like a giant standard-bearer, frown'd
Defiance on the roving Indian pow'r.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure emboss'd, and armour crown'd,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and ey'd a distant
scene.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done
Its requiem the war-horn seem'd to blow.

There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!

The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of
snow

On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclos'd, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild
alarm!

But short that contemplation — sad and short
The pause to bid each much-lov'd scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners
flew;

Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near? — yet there, with lust of murd'rous
deeds,

Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,

The ambush'd foeman's eye — his volley speeds,
And Albert — Albert — falls! the dear old
father bleeds!

And tranc'd in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
These drops? — Oh God! the life-blood is her own;
And falt'ring, on her Waldegrave's bosom
thrown —

„Weep not, O Love!” — she cries, „to see me
„bleed —

„Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
„Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
„These wounds; — yet thee to leave is death,
„is death indeed.

„Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
„Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
„And when this heart hath ceas'd to beat — oh!
„think,

„And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
„That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
„And friend to more than human friendship just.
„Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
„And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
„God shall assuage thy pangs — when I am laid
„in dust!

„Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
„The scene thy bursting tears too deep will
„move,
„Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
„And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
„With thee, as with an angel, through the
„grove

„Of peace, — imagining her lot was cast
„In heav'n; for ours was not like earthly love.
„And must this parting be our very last?
„No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is
„past. —

„Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this
„earth, —
„And thee, more lov'd, than aught beneath the
„sun,
„If I had liv'd to smile but on the birth
„Of one dear pledge; — but shall there then be
„none,
„In future times — no gentle little one,
„To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
„Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,
„A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
„Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!”

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips! but still
their bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt, —

Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words; — but knew
not what they were.

For now, to mourn their judge and child,
arrives

A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd: —
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-lov'd
shroud —

While woman's softer soul in woe dissolv'd aloud.

'Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell, o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth; — him watch'd in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide: but words had none to sooth
The grief that knew not consolation's name:

Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like across his shuddering frame!

„And I could weep;” — th' Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;

„But that I may not stain with grief

„The death-song of my father's son!

„Or bow this head in woe;

„For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!

„To-morrow Areouski's breath,

„(That fires yon heav'n with storms of death),

„Shall light us to the foe:

„And we shall share, my Christian boy!

„The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

„But thee, my flow'r, whose breath was giv'n

„By milder genii o'er the deep,

„The spirits of the white man's heav'n

„Forbid not thee to weep: —

„Nor will the Christian host,

„Nor will thy father's spirit grieve

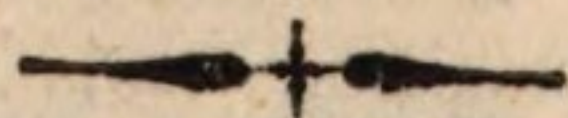
„To see thee, on the battle's eve,
„Lamenting, take a mournful leave
„Of her who lov'd thee most:
„She was the rainbow to thy sight!
„Thy sun — thy heav'n — of lost delight! —

„To-morrow let us do or die!
„But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
„Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
„Shall Outalissi roam the world?
„Seek we thy once-lov'd home? —
„The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:
„Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
„Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs!
„And should we thither roam,
„Its echoes, and its empty tread,
„Would sound like voices from the dead!

„Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
„Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd;
„And by my side, in battle true,
„A thousand warriors drew the shaft?

„Ah! there in desolation cold,
„The desert serpent dwells alone,
„Where grass o’ergrows each mould’ring bone,
„And stones themselves to ruin grown,
„Like me, are death-like old.
„Then seek we not their camp — for there —
„The silence dwells of my despair!”

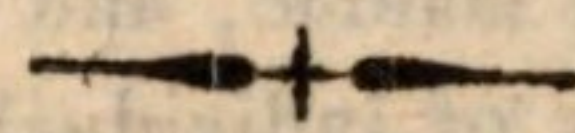
„But hark, the trump! — to-morrow thou
„In glory’s fires shalt dry thy tears:
„Ev’n from the land of shadows now
„My father’s awful ghost appears,
„Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
„He bids my soul for battle thirst —
„He bids me dry the last — the first —
„The only tears that ever burst
„From Outalissi’s soul;
„Because I may not stain with grief
„The death-song of an Indian chief.”



The first object of this work is to examine the nature of hope, and to show that it is a natural and necessary part of the human mind. It is a power which enables us to anticipate future events, and to act accordingly. It is a power which is essential to the progress of the human race, and to the happiness of the individual. It is a power which is often abused, and which is often the cause of misery. It is a power which is often the cause of greatness. It is a power which is often the cause of glory. It is a power which is often the cause of ruin. It is a power which is often the cause of death. It is a power which is often the cause of life. It is a power which is often the cause of all things.

THE

PLEASURES OF HOPE.



PART I.

The first object of this work is to examine the nature of hope, and to show that it is a natural and necessary part of the human mind. It is a power which enables us to anticipate future events, and to act accordingly. It is a power which is essential to the progress of the human race, and to the happiness of the individual. It is a power which is often abused, and which is often the cause of misery. It is a power which is often the cause of greatness. It is a power which is often the cause of glory. It is a power which is often the cause of ruin. It is a power which is often the cause of death. It is a power which is often the cause of life. It is a power which is often the cause of all things.

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

The Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate — the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated — an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind — the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress — the seaman on his midnight watch — the soldier marching into battle — allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science, or of taste — domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness — picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep — pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery, a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society — the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations — from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence — description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague — apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement — the wrongs of Africa — the barbarous policy of Europeans in India — prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

At summer eve, when Heav'n's aërial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near? —
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promis'd joys of life's unmeasur'd way;

Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly pow'r,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man —
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictur'd too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heav'nly
light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play.
Wak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,

And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, th' Aonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yok'd the red dragons of his iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare,
From Carmel's height, to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world — a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,

The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms th' Aeolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought
away!

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest
shore.

Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the
world.

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer
smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles;

Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark
 delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul.
His native hills that rise in happier climes
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind;

Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;
As rings his glitt'ring tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore —
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmur o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourg'd by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn, and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men;
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Knows not a trace of Nature but the form;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, — sad, but unsubdued,
Pierc'd the deep woods, and, hailing from afar,
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paus'd at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyaenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend! 19

Congenial Hope! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled
hour!

On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

„Go, child of Heav'n! (thy winged words
proclaim)

'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame!
Lo! Newton, priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers ev'ry star!
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye?
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string. ²⁰

„The Swedish sage admires, in yonder
bow'rs, ²¹

His winged insects, and his rosy flow'rs;

Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train
With sounding horn, and counts them on the
plain —

So once, at Heav'n's command, the wand'ers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

„Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,
Slow pass the sons of wisdom, more sublime;
Calm as the fields of Heav'n, his sapient eye
The lov'd Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage:
„Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man!”

„Turn, child of Heav'n! thy rapture - light-
en'd eye
To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh!
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian
height,

From streams that wander in eternal light,
Rang'd on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;
Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow ^{2 2},
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

„Belov'd of heav'n! the smiling Muse shall
shed

Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfin'd,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian pow'r beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;
Inquire of guilty wand'ers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly
name;

Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

„When Venus, thron'd in clouds of rosy hue
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,

And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy;
A milder mood the goddess shall recal,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;
While Beauty's deeply-pictur'd smiles impart,
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart —
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

„Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred
deem,

And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;
'To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile —
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile; —
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief?

„Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be
giv'n,

And pow'r on earth to plead the cause of Heav'n;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,

That never mus'd on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth;
Feels thy dread pow'r another heart afford,
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man!

„Bright as the pillar rose at Heav'n's command,
When Israel march'd along the desert land,
Blaz'd through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path — a never-setting star:
So, heav'nly Genius, in thy course divine,
Hope is thy star, her light is ever thine.”

Propitious Pow'r! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,

Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the
same —

Oh there, prophetic Hope! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never
know —

There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eyes grow dim, his tresses grey,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heav'n propitious dew to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,

Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy —
„Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:
No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past —
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chace the world's ungenerous scorn away.

„And say, when summon'd from the world
and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,

Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit ling'ring near?
Oh, wilt thou come, at ev'ning hour, to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breath a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murm'ring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his ev'ning prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile!

How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart, consigned to
share

Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-ey'd tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long lost friend, or hapless child restor'd,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor
destroy

The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the
gale

That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;

She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore

Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that
bore,

Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,

Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening
gaze:

Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in
vain,

Till memory fled her agonizing brain: —

But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,

Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow;

Warm on her hearth the joys of Fancy beam,

And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight
sky,

And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,

Pil'd on the steep her blazing faggots burn,

To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wand'rings
never knew

The world's regard, that soothes, though half
untrue,

Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,

But found not pity when it err'd no more.

Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye

'Th' unfeeling proud one looks — and passes by;

Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam —

Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home —

Ev'n he, at evening, should he chance to stray

Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,

Where, round the cot's romantic glade are seen

The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,

Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while —

Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,

Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form,

Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrows such as mine! —
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's
prayer.

Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing
mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of
Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,

And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murd'rous tomahawk;
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's op'ning day;
Each wand'ring genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silence watch, on woodland height around.
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Lybian groves, where damned rites are
done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murd'rous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies ²³ — the veil is rent in twain.

Where barb'rous hordes on Scythian moun-
tains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines ²⁴,

Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair. —
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that heaven bestowed!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceas'd a
while,

And Hope, thy sister, ceas'd with thee to smile,
When leagu'd Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet
horn;

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man! 25

Warsaw's last champion, from her height
survey'd,

Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid, —

Oh! Heav'n! he cried, my bleeding country
save! —

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live! — with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low, murm'ring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death, — the watchword and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volly'd thunder flew: —
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;

Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd
spear,

Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high
career; —

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd — as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage
there,

Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air —
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dy'd waters murm'ring far below;

The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Burst the wild cry of horror and dismay!

Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder
fall,

A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook — red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found
a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where
thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yok'd in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling
coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heav'd an ocean on their march below?
Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to
man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!

Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell — the Bruce of Bannock-
burn! 26

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land, shall
see

That man hath yet a soul, and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature giv'n,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heav'n!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd, —
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light — because your deeds are
dark;

Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of Hope untrue;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span

The march of Genius, and the pow'rs of man;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine: —
„Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No: — the wild wave contemns your scepter'd
— hand; —
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the
— world?
What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?
Why then hath Plato liv'd — or Sydney died? 27

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!
Wrapt in historic ardour, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where Valour tun'd, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
Or, wand'ring thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden's ²³ bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore
Hath Valour left the world — to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering freedom calls,
Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue, and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may
trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordain'd to light with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below!

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan
Heav'n's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her
shame,
That embryo spirit, yet without a name, —
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands

Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil,
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to
bleed,
And holy men give scripture for the deed;
Scourg'd and debas'd, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave! —

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heav'd the floods, and fix'd the trembling
land,
When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!
Say, was that lordly form inspir'd by thee,
To wear eternal chains, and bow the knee?

Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
Yok'd with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No! — Nature stamp'd us in a heav'nly mould!
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!
No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep! —

Lo! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
The quiver'd chief of Congo lov'd to reign;
With fires proportion'd to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;
Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumin'd zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods his own;
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came! — alas! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles;
For ever fallen! no son of Nature now,

With freedom charter'd on his manly brow!

Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night

away,

And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,

Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore

To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!

The shrill horn blew; ²⁹ at that alarum

knell

His guardian angel took a last farewell!

That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd

The fiery grandeur of a generous mind! —

Poor fetter'd man! I hear thee whispering low

Unhallow'd vows to Guilt, the child of Woe!

Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbour

there

A wish but death — a passion but despair?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,

Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral

fires!

So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sight!

So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty!

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!

Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run!
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!

How long your tribes have trembled, and obey'd!

How long was Timur's iron sceptre sway'd! 30

Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Rag'd o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare,

With blazing torch and gory scimitar, —

Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,

And bath'd in blood the verdure of the vale!

Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame,

When Brama's children perish'd for his name;

The martyr smil'd beneath avenging pow'r,

And brav'd the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to
gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape; ³¹
Children of Brama! then was mercy nigh,
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
When free-born Britons cross'd the Indian wave?
Ah, no! — to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder pil'd from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming
store,

While famish'd nations died along the shore; ³²

Nine times hath guilt, through all his giant
frame,

Convulsive trembled, as the mighty came;

Nine times hath suffering Mercy spar'd in vain —

But Heav'n shall burst her starry gates again!

He comes! — dread Brama shakes the sunless sky

With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on
high!

Heav'n's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,

Paws the light clouds, and galops on the
storm!

Wide waves his flickering sword; his bright
arms glow

Like summer suns, and light the world below;

Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,

Are shook; and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

To pour redress on India's injur'd realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore,
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,

The tenth Avatar comes! at Heav'n's command
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand!
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,^{3 4}
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!
Come, Heav'nly Powers! primeval peace restore!
Love! — Mercy! — Wisdom! — rule for
evermore!"



THE

PART II

The last and most sublime influence of Hope, is the con-
tributions of the human mind, the progress of science, and the
in a future age over the horrors attended on dissolution —
the powerful influence of that sceptical philosophy which has
— allusion to the end of a series —

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

Apostrophe to the power of Love — its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility — allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till love was superadded to its other blessings — the dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment — this disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find — a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents — even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope, is the concluding topic of the Poem — the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution — the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts — allusion to the fate of a suicide — episode of Conrad and Ellenore — conclusion.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.



PART II.



In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paus'd while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten
frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd: —
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few!

Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between;
'Tis yours, unmov'd, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man? — a world without a sun!

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bow'r!
In vain the viewless seraph ling'ring there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild-bird carol'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;

In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee; —
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray, —
The world was sad! — the garden was a wild!
And Man, the hermit, sigh'd — till Woman smil'd!
True, the sad power to generous hearts may
bring

(For love pursues an ever devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace);
Yet still may Hope her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart!

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of
Greece;

To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face;
And, as he sojourn'd on the Aegean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasur'd all their
smiles:

Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and
refin'd,

And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when
combin'd!

When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His paths shall be where streamy mountains
swell

Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around.

'The moon is up — the watch-tow'r dimly
burns —
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home a while
To watch the dying notes! — and start, and
smile!

Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The dark'ning world, and tempest-troubled deep!

Though boundless snows the wither'd heath
deform,

And the dim sun scarce wanders through the
storm;

Yet shall the smile of social love repay,

With mental light, the melancholy day!

And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,

The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,

How bright the faggots in his little hall

Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd wall!

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,

The kind fair friend, by Nature mark'd his own;

And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,

View the fleet years of pleasure left behind,

Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began!

Since first he call'd her his before the holy man!

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,

And light the wintry paradise of home;

And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail

Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour —
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile —
Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale, ³⁵
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heav'd all their guns, their foundering bark to
save,
And toil'd — and shriek'd — and perish'd on
the wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;
There, on his funeral waters, dark and wild,

The dying father blest his darling child!
Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the pray'r his bursting heart, and died!

Or will they learn how generous worth su-
blimes

The robber Moor, ³⁶ and pleads for all his
crimes!

How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,
His hand blood-stain'd, but ever ever dear!
Hung on the tortur'd bosom of her lord,
And wept, and pray'd perdition from his sword!
Nor sought in vain! at that heart-piercing cry,
The strings of nature crack'd with agony,
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world!

Turn from his dying words, that smite with
steel

The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the
wheel —

Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute;
Or down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend from age to age!

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes ob-
trude,

Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood;
There shall he pause, with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died — that Cæsar might be
great! ³⁷

Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore, ³⁸
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy
shore;

Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk — and groan'd his
last!

File after file, the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum!
Horsemen and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!

Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and clos'd it with a sigh!
Imperial pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld — nor shudder'd at the
sight!

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And Hope attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day!
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year;
In those unmeasur'd worlds, she bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know;
For, as Ionia's saint, a giant form, 39
Thron'd on her tow'rs, conversing with the storm,
(When o'er each runic altar, weed-entwin'd,

The vesper clock tolls mornful to the wind),
Counts every wave-worn isle and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind
'This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main;
Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran;
From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,
The throne of God, — the centre of the world!

Oh! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive Hope hath but a Syren tongue!
True; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part, like Ajut — never to return! 40

But yet, methinks, when wisdom shall assuage
The grief and passions of our greener age,

Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flow'r that hail'd the dawning of the day;
Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she love them
still!

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconcil'd,
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child!
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smil'd on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy!
My Absalom! the voice of Nature cried!
Oh! that for thee thy father could have died!
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom! — my son! — my son!

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heav'n to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!

What though each spark of earth-born rap-
ture fly,

The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!

Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey

The morning dream of life's eternal day —

Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin!

And all the phoenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,

The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!

Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,

It is a dread and awful thing to die!

Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!

Where Time's far wand'ring tide has never run,

From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless

spheres,

A warning comes, unheard by other ears.

'Tis Heav'n's commanding trumpet, long and

loud,

Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!

While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,

The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he
trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors, clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss.

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-ey'd herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er — the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heav'n undazzl'd by the blaze,
On heav'nly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody:
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,

When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight
still

Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!

Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled!

Back to its heav'nly source thy being goes,

Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;

Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,

And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return. —

Hark! from the world's exploding centre driv'n

With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,

Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,

On bick'ring wheels, and adamantine car;

From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,

He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;

But, wheeling homeward, when his course is

run!

Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!

So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd

Her trembling wings, emerging from the world,

And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh! lives there, heaven! beneath thy dread

expanse

One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,

Content to feed, with pleasures unrefin'd,

The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;

Who, mould'ring earthward, 'rest of every

— trust has joy of trust !

In joyless union wedded to the dust,

Could all his parting energy dismiss,

And call this barren world sufficient bliss? —

There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,

Of cultur'd soul, and sapient eye serene,

Who hail thee, man! the pilgrim of a day,

Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay!

Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,

Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;

A friendless slave, a child without a sire,

Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,

Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for ever more! —

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame!
Is this your triumph — this your proud ap-
plause,

Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
By shore and sea, each mute and living thing?
Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep!
Or round the cope her living chariot driv'n,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of
Heav'n?

Oh! star-ey'd Science, hast thou wander'd
there,

To waft us home the message of despair?

Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death—distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurel'd wreath that murder rears,
Blood—nurs'd, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic
head.

What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?

I smile on death, if heav'n-ward Hope remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awak'd, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to
sweep,

Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,

To know delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while;

Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionory brain!

Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
'Truth, ever lovely — since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man, —
How can thy words from balmy slumber start,
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There, as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!

And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the Moon lights her watch-tower in the
clouds.

Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heav'n — as thou wert
mild!

For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding
bier!

When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow
drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground!

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave — oh! leave, the light of Hope
behind!

What though my winged hours of bliss have
been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between!

Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm — when pleasures lose the power to
please!

Yes! let each rapture, dear to Nature,
flee;

Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea —
Mirth, music, friendship, Love's propitious
smile,

Chase every care, and charm a little while,

Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,

And all her strings are harmoniz'd to joy! —

But why so short is Love's delighted hour?

Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flow'r?

Why can no hymned charm of music heal

The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel?

Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,

To hide the sad realities of fate? —

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,

Nor all the pride of Wisdom's wordly school,

Have pow'r to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;
When, 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu, —
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you!
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again!

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow chok'd thy long and last adieu:
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell!
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee!
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part;

Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd
gloom,

Lur'd his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature, and of Time!

„And weep not thus,” he cried, „young
Ellenore,

My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd
away!

Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that wick warm'd it once shall never die!
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,

With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness — unassuag'd by tears!

„Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none at-
tend,

This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!

Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

„Farewel! when stangers lift thy father's
bier,

And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert pil'd;
And when the dream of troubled fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;

Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is
o'er?

Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?

Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,

Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied?

Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good

Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!

O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,

And smile on Innocence, for Mercy's sake!"

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,

The tears of love were hopeless, but for thee!

If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,

If that faint murmur be the last farewell!

If Fate unite the faithful but to part,

Why is their memory sacred to the heart?

Why does the brother of my childhood seem

Restor'd a while in every pleasing dream?

Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,

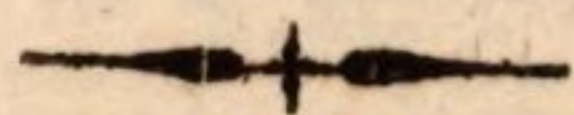
By artless friendship bless'd when life was
new?

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade. —
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world
below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!



THE CORSAIR.

A TALE.



CANTO I.

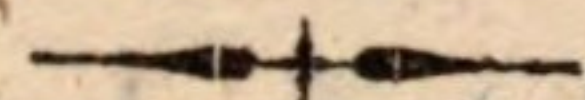
THE COGNATE

A. T. A. R.

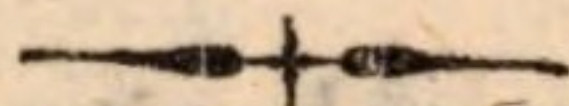
GAINTO

T H E C O R S A I R.

A T A L E.



C A N T O I.



„ — — — nessun maggior dolore,
„Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
„Nella miseria, — — — ”

D A N T E.



„O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
„Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
„Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
„Survey our empire and behold our home!
„These are our realms, no limits to their sway --
„Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.

„Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
„From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
„Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
„Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
„Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
„Whom slumber soothes not — pleasure cannot
„please —

„Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath
„tried,

„And danc'd in triumph o'er the waters wide,
„The exulting sense — the pulse's maddening
„play,

„That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
„That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
„And turn what some deem danger to delight;
„That seeks what cravens shun with more than
„zeal,

„And where the feeble faint — can only feel —
„Feel — to the rising bosom's inmost core,
„Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?

„No dread of death — if with us die our foes —

„Save that it seems even duller than repose:

„Come when it will — we snatch the life of

„life —

„When lost — what recks it — by disease or

„strife?

„Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,

„Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;

„Heave his thick breath; and shake his palsied

„head;

„Ours — the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.

„While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,

„Ours with one pang — one bound — escapes

„controul.

„His corse may boast it's urn and narrow cave,

„And they who loath'd his life may gild his grave:

„Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,

„When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.

„For us, even banquets fond regret supply

„In the red cup that crowns our memory;

„And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
„When those who win at length divide the prey,
„And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each
„brow,
„How had the brave who fell exulted now!”

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's isle,
Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while;
Such were the sounds that thrill'd the rocks
along,

And unto ears as rugged seem'd a song!
In scattered groupings upon the golden sand,
They game — carouse — converse — or whet
the brand;

Select the arms — to each his blade assign,
And careless eye the blood that dims its shine:
Repair the boat — replace the helm or oar,
While others stragling muse along the shore;
For the wild bird the busy springes set,
Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net:
Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,

With all the thirsting eye of Enterprize —
Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil:
No matter where — their chief's allotment this —
Theirs — to believe no prey nor plan amiss.
But who that Chief? his name on every shore
Is famed and fear'd — they ask and know no
more.

With these he mingles not but to command —
Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.
Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
But they forgive his silence for success.
Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
That goblet passes him untasted still —
And for his fare — the rudest of his crew
Would that, in turn, have pass'd untasted too;
Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest
roots,
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,

His short repast in humbleness supply
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.
But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,
His mind seems nourish'd by that abstinence.

„Steer to that shore!” — they sail. „Do this!” —

’tis done:

„Now form and follow me!” — the spoil is won.

Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,

And all obey and few enquire his will;

To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye

Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

„A sail! — a sail!” — a promised prize to Hope!

Her nation — flag — how speaks the telescope?

No prize, alas! — but yet a welcome sail:

The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.

Yes — she is our's — a home returning bark —

Blow fair, thou breeze! — she anchors ere the

dark.

Already doubled is the cape — our bay

Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray;

How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying — never from her foes.
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife —
Who would not brave the battle-fire — the
wreck —

To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings;
The sails are furl'd; and anchoring round she
swings:

And gathering loiterers on the land discern
Her boat descending from the latticed stern.

'Tis mann'd — the oars keep concert to the
strand,

Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.
Hail to the welcome shout! — the friendly
speech!

When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,
And the heart's promise of festivity!

The tidings spread — and gathering grows
the crowd:

The hum of voices — and the laughter loud,
And woman's gentler anxious tone is heard —
Friends' — husbands' — lovers' names in each
dear word.

„Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success —

„But shall we see them? will their accents bless?

„From where the battle roars — the billows
chafe —

„They doubtless boldly did — but who are safe?

„Here let them haste to gladden and surprize,

„And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!”

„Where is our chief? for him we bear re-

port —

„And doubt that joy — which hails our coming

„— short,

„Yet thus sincere — 'tis cheering, though so

„brief;

„But, Juan! instant guide us to our chief:

„Our greeting paid, we'll feast on our return,
„And all shall hear what each may wish to learn.”

Ascending slowly by the rock-hewn way,
To where his watch-tower beetles o'er the bay,
By bushy brake, and wild flowers blossoming,
And freshness breathing from each silver spring,
Whose scattered streams from granite basins
burst,
Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst;
From crag to cliff they mount — Near yonder

cave,
What lonely straggler looks along the wave?
In pensive posture leaning on the brand,
Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?

„'Tis he — 'tis Conrad — here — as wont —
„alone,

„On — Juan! on — and make our purpose
„known.

„The bark he views — and tell him we would
„greet

„His ear with tidings he must quickly meet:

„We dare not yet approach — thou know'st his

„mood,

„When strange or uninvited steps intrude.”

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent —

He spake not — but a sign express'd assent.

These Juan calls — they come — to their salute

He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute.

„These letters, chief, are from the Greek —

„the spy —

„Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh;

„Whate'er his tidings, we can well report,

„Much that” — „Peace, peace!” — he cuts

their prating short.

Wondering they turn — abashed — while each

to each

Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech:

They watch his glance with many a stealing

look,

To gather how that eye the tidings took;

But — this as if he guess'd — with head aside —
Perchance from some emotion — doubt, or
pride —

He read the scroll — „My tablets, Juan, hark —

„Where is Gonsalvo?”

„In the anchored bark.”

„There let him stay — to him this order bear.

„Back to your duty — for my course prepare:

„Myself this enterprize to-night will share.”

„To-night, Lord Conrad?”

„Ay! at set of sun:

„The breeze will freshen when the day is done.

„My corslet — cloak — one hour — and we

„are gone.

„Sling on thy bugle — see that free from rust,

„My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust;

„Be the edge sharpen'd of my boarding-brand,

„And give it's guard more room to fit my hand.

„This let the Armourer with speed dispose;

„Last time — it more fatigued my arm than foes:

„Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired,

„To tell us when the hour of stay's expired.”

They make obeisance, and retire in haste,
Too soon to seek again the watery waste:

Yet they repine not — so that Conrad guides,

And who dare question aught that he decides?

That man of loneliness and mystery,

Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh —

Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,

And tints each swarthy cheek with sallower hue;

Still sways their souls with that commanding art

That dazzles — leads — yet chills the vulgar

— heart.

What is that spell, that thus his lawless train

Confess and envy — yet oppose in vain?

What should it be? that thus their faith can

bind?

The power of Thought — the magic of the Mind!

Linked with success — assumed and kept with

skill,

That moulds another's weakness to it's will —
Wields with their hands — but still to these
unknown,

Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.

Such hath it been — shall be — beneath the sun

The many still must labour for the one;

'Tis Nature's doom — but let the wretch who

toils,

Accuse not — hate not — him who wears the

spoils.

Oh! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,

How light the balance of his humbler pains!

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,

Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,

In Conrad's form seems little to admire,

Though his dark eye-brow shades a glance of

fire:

Robust but not Herculean — to the sight

No giant frame sets forth his common height;

Yet in the whole — who paused to look again,

Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men —
They gaze and marvel how — and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
Sun-burnt his cheek — his forehead high and
pale, —
The sable curls in wild profusion veil;
And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce
conceals.
Though smooth his voice, and calm his general
mien,
Still seems there something he would not have
seen:
His features' deepening lines and varying hue,
At times attracted, yet perplex'd the view,
As if within that murkiness of mind
Work'd feelings fearful, and yet undefined;
Such might it be — that none could truly tell —
Too close enquiry his stern glance could quell
There breathe but few whose aspect could defy

The full encounter of his searching eye; —
He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek
To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
At once the observer's purpose to espy,
And on himself roll back his scrutiny,
Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
Some secret thought — than drag that chief's
To day.

There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear,
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled — and Mercy sighed farewell!
Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
Within — within — 'twas there the spirit
wrought!

Love shows all changes — Hate, Ambition,
Guile,
Betray no further than the bitter smile;
The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
Along the govern'd aspect, speak alone

The rest no better than the thing he seem'd;
And scorn'd the best as hypocrites who hid
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
He knew himself detested, but he knew
The hearts that loath'd him crouch'd and drea-
ded too.
Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt
From all affection and from all contempt:
His name could sadden, and his acts surprize;
But they that fear'd him dared not to despise:
Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
The slumbering venom of the folded snake.

None are all evil — clinging round his heart,
One softer feeling would not yet depart;
Oft could he sneer at others as beguil'd
By passions worthy of a fool or child —
Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
And even in him it asks the name of Love!
Yes, it was love — unchangeable — unchan-
ged —

Which nought remov'd — nor menaced to
remove —

If there be love in mortals — this was love!

He was a villain — aye — reproaches shower

On him — but not the passion, nor its power,

Which only proved, all other virtues gone,

Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one!

He paused a moment — till his hastening men

Pass'd the first winding downward to the glen.

„Strange tidings! — many a peril have I past,

„Nor know I why this next appears the last!

„Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,

„Nor shall my followers find me falter here.

„'Tis rash to meet — but surer death to wait —

„Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate,

„And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,

„We'll furnish mourners for our funeral-pile.

„Ay — let them slumber — peaceful be their

„dreams!

„Morn ne'er awoke them with such brilliant beams

„As kindle high to-night (but blow, thou
breeze!)

„To warm these slow avengers of the seas.

„Now to Medora — Oh! my sinking heart,

„Long may her own be lighter than thou art!

„Yet was I brave — mean boast! where all
„are brave —

„Ev'n insects sting for aught they seek to save —

„This common courage which with brutes we
„share,

„That owes its deadliest efforts to despair,

„Small merit claims — but 'twas my nobler hope

„To teach my few with numbers still to cope;

„Long have I led them — not to vainly bleed:

„No medium now — we perish or succeed!

„So let it be — it irks not me to die;

„But thus to urge them whence they cannot fly —

„My lot hath long had little of my care,

„But chafes my pride thus baffled in the snare:

„Is this my skill? my craft? to set at last
„Hope, power, and life upon a single cast?
„Oh, Fate! — accuse thy folly, not thy fate —
„She may redeem thee still — nor yet too late.”

Thus with himself communion held he — till
He reach'd the summit of his tower-crown'd hill:
There at the portal paus'd — for wild and soft
He heard those accents never heard too oft;
Through the high lattice far yet sweet they rung,
And these the notes his bird of beauty sung:

„Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
Then trembles into silence as before.

„There in its centre — a sepulchral lamp
Burns the slow flame eternal — but unseen;
Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
Though vain its ray as it had never been.

„Remember me — Oh! pass not thou my grave
Without one thought whose relics there recline:
The only pang my bosom dare not brave,
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

„My fondest — faintest — latest — accents hear
Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove;
Then give me all I ever asked — a tear,

‘The first—last—sole reward of so much love!’”

He pass’d the portal — cross’d the corridore,
And reach’d the chamber as the strain gave o’er:

„My own Medora — sure thy song is sad —”

„In Conrad’s absence wouldst thou have it

„glad?”

„Without thine ear to listen to my lay,

„Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray:

„Still must each accent to my bosom suit,

„My heart unhush’d — although my lips were

„mute!

„Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclin'd,

„My dreaming fear with storms hath wing'd the

„wind,

„And deem'd the breath that faintly fann'd thy

„sail —

„The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;

„Though soft — it seem'd the low prophetic

„dirge,

„That mourn'd thee floating on the savage surge:

„Still would I rise — to rouse the beacon fire,

„Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire;

„And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,

„And morning came — and still thou wert afar.

„Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,

„And day broke dreary on my troubled view,

„And still I gazed and gazed — and not a prow

„Was granted to my tears — my truth — my

„vow!

„At length — 'twas noon — I hail'd and blest

„the mast

„That met my sight — it near'd — Alas! it

„past!

„Another came — O God! 'twas thine at last!

„Would that those days were over! wilt thou

„ne'er,

„My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share?

„Sure thou hast more than wealth — and many

„a home

„As bright as this invites us not to roam:

„Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,

„I only tremble when thou art not here;

„Then not for mine — but that far dearer life,

„Which flies from love and languishes for strife —

„How strange that heart, to me so tender still,

„Should war with nature and its better will!”

„Yea, strange indeed — that heart hath long

„been changed,

„Worm-like 'twas trampled — adder-like aven-

„ged,

„Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,

„And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.
„Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn,
„My very love to thee is hate to them,
„So closely mingling here, that disentwin'd,
„I cease to love thee when I love mankind:
„Yet dread not this — the proof of all the past
„Assures the future that my love will last;
„But — Oh, Medora! nerve thy gentler heart,
„This hour again — but not for long — we
„part.”

„This hour we part! — my heart foreboded
„this.

„Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss —
„This hour — it cannot be — this hour away!
„Yon bark hath hardly anchored in the bay.
„Her consort still is absent — and her crew
„Have need of rest before they toil anew;
„My love! thou mock'st my weakness; and
„would'st steel

„My breast before the time when it must feel.

„But trifle now no more with my distress,

„Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness:

„Be silent, — Conrad! — dearest — come and

„share

„The feast these hands delighted to prepare —

„Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!

„See, I have pluck'd the fruit that promised best,

„And where not sure, perplex'd, but pleased, I

„guess'd

„At such as seem'd the fairest: thrice the hill

„My steeps have wound to try the coolest rill;

„Yes! thy Sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,

„See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!

„The grapes' gay juice thy bosom never cheers —

„Thou — more than Moslem — when the cup

„appears —

„Think not I mean to chide — for I rejoice

„What others deem a penance is thy choice.

„But come — the board is spread — our silver

„lamp

„Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main;

„And he deceiv'd me — for — he came again!”

„Again — again — and oft again — my

„love!

„If there be life below, and hope above,

„He will return — but now — the moments

„bring

„The time of parting with redoubled wing:

„The why — the where — what boots it now

„to tell?

„Since all must end in that wild word — farewell!

„Yet would I fain — did time allow — disclose —

„Fear not — these are no formidable foes;

„And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,

„For sudden siege and long defence prepar'd:

„Nor be thou lonely — though thy lord's away,

„Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay;

„And this thy comfort — that, when next we

„meet,

„Security shall make repose more sweet:

„List! — ’tis the bugle — Juan shrilly blew —

„One kiss — one more — another — Oh!

„Adieu!”

She rose — she sprung — she clung to his
embrace,

Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.

He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,

That downcast droop’d in tearless agony.

Her long fair hair lay floating o’er his arms,

In all the wildness of dishevelled charms;

Scarce beat that bosom — where his image

dwelt —

So full — that feeling seem’d almost unfelt!

Hark — peals the thunder of the signal-gun!

It told ’twas sunset — and he curs’d that sun.

Again — again — that form he madly press’d,

Which mutely clasp’d — imploringly caress’d!

And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,

One moment gazed — as if to gaze no

more —

Felt — that for him earth held but her alone,
Kiss'd her cold forehead — turn'd — is Conrad
gone?

„And is he gone?” — on sudden solitude
How oft that fearful question will intrude?

„'Twas but an instant past — and here he stood!

„And now” — without the portal's porch she
„rush'd —

And then at length her tears in freedom gush'd,
Big — bright — and fast, unknown to her they
fell;

But still her lips refus'd to send — „Farewell!”
For in that word — that fatal word — howe'er
We promise — hope — believe — there brea-
thes despair.

O'er every feature of that still, pale face,
Had sorrow fix'd what time can ne'er erase:
The tender blue of that large loving eye
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy —
Till — Oh, how far! it caught a glimpse of him —

And then it flow'd — and phrenzied seem'd to
swim

Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes
dew'd

With drops of sadness oft to be renew'd.

„He's gone!” — against her heart that hand is
driven,

Convuls'd and quick — then gently raised to
heaven;

She look'd and saw the heaving of the main;

The white sail set — she dared not look again;

But turn'd with sickening soul within the gate —

„It is no dream — and I am desolate!”

From crag to crag descending — swiftly
sped

Stern Conrad down, nor once he turn'd his
head;

But shrunk whene'er the windings of his way

Forced on his eye what he would not survey —

His lone, but lovely dwelling on the steep,

That hailed him first when homeward from the
deep:

And she — the dim and melancholy star,
Whose ray of beauty reach'd him from afar,
On her he must not gaze, he must not think,
There he might rest — but on Destruction's
brink —

Yet once almost he stopp'd — and nearly gave
His fate to chance, his projects to the wave;
But no — it must not be — a worthy chief
May melt, but not betray to woman's grief.

He sees his bark, he notes how fair the wind,
And sternly gathers all his might of mind:

Again he hurries on — and as he hears
The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears,
The busy sounds, the bustle of the shore,
The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar —
As marks his eye the seaboy on the mast,
The anchor's rise, the sails unfurling fast,
The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge

That mute adieu to those who stem the surge;
And more than all — his blood-red flag aloft —
He marvell'd how his heart could seem so soft.
Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,
He feels of all his former self possest;
He bounds — he flies — untill his footsteps
reach

The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach,
There checks his speed; but pauses less to
breathe

The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,
Than there his wonted statelier step renew;
Nor rush, disturb'd by haste, to vulgar view:
For well had Conrad learn'd to awe the crowd,
By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud;
His was the lofty port, the distant mien,
That seems to shun the sight — and awes if
seen:

The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,
That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy;

All these he wielded to command assent —
But where he wished to win, so well unbent,
That kindness cancell'd fear in those who heard,
And other's gifts shewed mean beside his word —
When echoed to the heart as from his own,
His deep yet tender melody of tone:
But such was foreign to his wonted mood,
He cared not what he soften'd — but subdued; —
The evil passions of his youth had made
Him value less who loved — than what obeyed.

Around him mustering ranged his ready
guard.

Before him Juan stands — „Are all prepared?”

„They are — nay more — embarked: the
„latest boat

„Waits but my chief — ”

„My sword, and my capote.”

Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung,
His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders
flung;

„Call Pedro here!” He comes — and Conrad
bends,

With all the courtesy he deign'd his friends;

„Receive these tablets, and peruse with care,

„Words of high trust, and truth are graven
„there;

„Double the guard, and when Anselmo's bark

„Arrives, let him alike these orders mark:

„In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall
„shine

„On our return — till then all peace be thine!”

This said, his brother Pirate's hand he wrung,

Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung.

Flash'd the dipt oars, and sparkling with the
stroke,

Around the waves' phosphoric ⁴² brightness
broke;

They gain the vessel — on the deck he stands.

Shrieks the shrill whistle — ply the busy hands —

He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,

How gallant all her crew — and deigns to praise.
His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn;
Why doth he start, and inly seem to mourn?
Alas! those eyes beheld his rocky tower,
And live a moment o'er the parting hour;
She — his Medora — did she mark the prow?
Ah! never loved he half so much as now!
But much must yet be done ere dawn of day.
Again he mans himself and turns away;
Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,
And there unfolds his plan — his means — and
 ends;
Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the
 chart,
And all that speaks and aids the naval art;
They to the midnight watch protract debate —
To anxious eyes what hour is ever late?
Mean time, the steady breeze serenely blew,
And fast and Falcon-like the vessel flew;

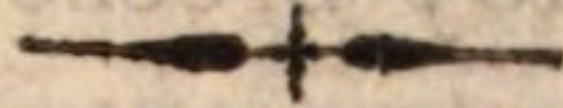
Pass'd the high headlands of each clustering isle,
To gain their port — long — long ere morning
smile:

And soon the night-glass through the narrow bay
Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.

Count they each sail — and mark how there
supine

The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine;
Secure — unnoted — Conrad's prow pass'd by,
And anchor'd where his ambush meant to lie;
Screen'd from espial by the jutting cape,
That rears on high its rude fantastic shape.

Then rose his band to duty — not from sleep —
Equipp'd for deeds alike on land or deep; —
While lean'd their leader o'er the fretting flood,
And calmly talk'd — and yet he talk'd of blood!



T H E C O R S A I R.

A T A L E.

CANTO II.

„Conosceste i dubiosi desiri?”

DANTE.

In Coron's bay floats many a Galley light,
Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright,
For Seyd, the Pacha, gives a feast to-night:
A feast for promised triumph yet to come,
When he shall drag the fetter'd Rovers home;
This hath he sworn by Alla and his sword,
And faithfull to his firman and his word,
His summon'd prows collect along the coast,

And great the gathering crews — and loud the
boast —

Already shared the captives and the prize,
Though far the distant foe they thus despise.
'Tis but to sail — no doubt to-morrow's Sun
Will see the Pirates bound — their haven won!
Mean time the watch may slumber, if they will,
Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill:
Though all, who can, disperse on shore and seek
To flesh their glowing valour on the Greek;
How well such deed becomes the turban'd
brave —

To bare the sabre's edge before a slave!
Infest his dwelling — but forbear to slay,
Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,
And do not deign to smite because they may!
Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,
To keep in practice for the coming foe.
Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,
And they who wish to wear a head must smile;

For Moslem mouths produce their choicest cheer,
And hoard their curses, till the coast is clear.

High in his hall reclines the turban'd Seyd:
Around — the bearded chiefs he came to lead.

Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff —

Forbidden draughts, 'tis said, he dared to quaff,

Though to the rest the sober berry's juice, ⁴³

The slaves bear round for rigid Moslem's use;

The long Chibouque's ⁴⁴ dissolving cloud supply,

While dance the Almas ⁴⁵ to wild minstrelsy:

The rising morn will view the chiefs embark;

But waves are somewhat treacherous in the dark:

And revellers may more securely sleep

On silken-couch than o'er the rugged deep;

Feast there who can — nor combat till they

must,

And less to conquest than to Korans trust;

And yet the numbers crowded in his host

Might warrant more than even the Pacha's

boast.

With cautious reverence from the outer gate,
Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait,
Bows his bent head — his hand salutes the floor,
Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:

„A captive Dervise, from the pirate's nest
„Escaped, is here — himself would tell the
rest.”

He took the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,
And led the holy man in silence nigh.

His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,
His step was feeble, and his look deprest;
Yet worn he seem'd of hardship more than years,
And pale his cheek with penance, not from
fears,

Vow'd to his God — his sable locks he wore,
And these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er:
Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,
And wrapt a breast bestow'd on heaven alone;
Submissive, yet with self-possession mann'd,
He calmly met the curious eyes that scann'd;

And question of his coming fain would seek,
Before the Pacha's will allowed to speak.

„Whence com'st thou, Dervise?”

„From the outlaw's den,

„A fugitive —”

„Thy capture where and when?”

„From Scalanova's port to Scio's isle,

„The Saick was bound; but Alla did not smile

„Upon our course — the Moslem merchant's gains

„The Rovers won: our limbs have worn their

„chains.

„I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,

„Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost;

„At length a fisher's humble boat by night

„Afforded hope, and offer'd change of flight:

„I seized the hour, and find my safety here —

„With thee — most mighty Pacha! who can

„fear?”

„How speed the outlaws? stand they well

„prepared,

„Their plunder'd wealth, and robber's rock, to

„gnard?

„Dream they of this our preparation, doom'd

„To view with fire their scorpion nest consumed?”

„Pacha! the fettered captive's mourning eye

„That weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy;

„I only heard the reckless waters roar,

„Those waves that would not bear me from the

„shore;

„I only mark'd the glorious sun and sky,

„Too bright — too blue — for my captivity;

„And felt — that all which Freedom's bosom

„cheers,

„Must break my chain before it dried my tears.

„This may'st thou judge, at least, from my

„escape,

„They little deem of aught in peril's shape;

„Else vainly had I prayed or sought the chance

„That leads me here — if eyed with vigilance:

„The careless guard that did not see me fly,

„May watch as idly when thy power is nigh.

„Pacha! — my limbs are faint — and nature

„craves

„Food for my hunger, rest from tossing waves;

„Permit my absence — peace be with thee!

„Peace

„With all around! — now grant repose —

„release.”

„Stay, Dervise! I have more to question —

„stay,

„I do command thee — sit — dost hear? —

„obey!

„More I must ask, and food the slaves shall

„bring;

„Thou shalt not pine where all are banqueting:

„The supper done — prepare thee to reply,

„Clearly and full — I love not mystery.”

„Twere vain to guess what shook the pious

„man,

Who look'd not lovingly on that Divan;

Nor show'd high relish for the banquet prest,
And less respect for every fellow guest.

'Twas but a moment's peevish hectic past
Along his cheek, and tranquillized as fast:

He sate him down in silence, and his look
Resumed the calmness which before forsook:

The feast was usher'd in — but sumptuous fare
He shunn'd as if some poison mingled there.

For one so long condemn'd to toil and fast,
Methinks he strangely spares the rich repast.

„What ails thee, Dervise? eat — dost thou sup-
„pose

„This feast a Christian's? or my friends thy foes?

„Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge,

„Which, once partaken, blunts the sabre's edge,

„Makes even contending tribes in peace unite,

„And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight!”

„Salt seasons dainties — and my food is still

„The humblest root, my drink the simplest rill;

„And my stern vow and order's ⁴⁶ laws oppose

„To break or mingle bread with friends or foes;

„It may seem strange — if there be aught to

„dread,

„That peril rests upon my single head;

„But for thy sway — nay more — thy Sultan's

„throne,

„I taste nor bread nor banquet — save alone;

„Infringed our order's rule, the Prophet's rage

„To Mecca's dome might bar my pilgrimage.”

„Well — as thou wilt — ascetic as thou

„art —

„One question answer; then in peace depart.

„How many? — Ha! it cannot sure be day?

„What star — what sun is bursting on the bay?

„It shines a lake of fire! — away — away!

„Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar!

„The galleys feed the flames — and I afar!

„Accursed Dervise! — these thy tidings — thou

„Some villain spy — seize — cleave him —

„slay him now!”

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight:
Up rose that Dervise — not in saintly garb,
Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away —
Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's
ray!

His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler
gloom,

Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.
The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
Of flames on high, and torches from below:
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell —
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell,
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell!
Distracted to and fro the flying slaves
Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves;
Nought heeded they the Pacha's angry cry,
They seize that Dervise! — seize on Zatanai! 47

He saw their terror — check'd the first despair
That urged him but to stand and perish there,
Since far too early and too well obey'd,
The flame was kindled ere the signal made;

He saw their terror — from his baldric drew
His bugle — brief the blast — but shrilly blew,
'Tis answer'd — „Well ye speed, my gallant
„crew!

„Why did I doubt their quickness of career?

„And deem design had left me single here?”

Sweeps his long arm — that sabre's whirling
Sway,

Sheds fast antonement for its first delay;

Completes his fury, what their fear begun,

And makes the many basely quail to one.

The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread,

And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head:

Even Seyd, convuls'd, o'erwhelm'd with rage,

Surprize,

Retreats before him, though he still defies.

No craven he — and yet he dreads the blow,
So much Confusion magnifies his foe!
His blazing galleys still distract his sight,
He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight; ⁴⁸
For now the pirates pass'd the Haram gate,
And burst within — and it were death to
wait;
Where wild Amazement shrieking — kneeling —
throws
The sword aside — in vain — the blood o'er-
flows!
The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within,
Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din
Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,
Proclaim'd how well he did the work of strife.
They shout to find him grim and lonely there,
A glutted tyger mangling in his lair!
But short their greeting — shorter his reply —
„'Tis well — but Seyd escapes — and he
„must die.

„Much hath been done — but more remains

„to do —

„Their galleys blaze — why not their city too?”

Quick at the word — they seized him each

a torch,

And fire the dome from minaret to porch.

A stern delight was fix'd in Conrad's eye,

But sudden sunk — for on his ear the cry

Of women struck, and like a deadly knell

Knock'd at that heart unmoved by battle's yell.

„Oh! burst the Haram — wrong not on your

„lives

„One female form — remember — we have

„wives.

„On them such outrage Vengeance will repay;

„Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay:

„But still we spared — must spare the weaker

„prey.

„Oh! I forgot — but Heaven will not forgive

„If at my word the helpless cease to live;

„Follow who will — I go — we yet have time

„Our souls to lighten of at least a crime.”

He climbs the crackling stair — he bursts the

door,

Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor;

His breath choak'd gasping with the volumed

smoke,

But still from room to room his way he broke:

They search — they find — they save: with

lusty arms

Each bears a prize of unregarded charms;

Calm their loud fears; sustain their sinking

frames

With all the care defenceless beauty claims:

So well could Conrad tame their fiercest mood,

And check the very hands with gore imbrued.

But who is she? whom Conrad's arms convey

From reeking pile and combat's wreck — away —

Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed?

The Haram queen — but still the slave of Seyd!

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gul-
nare, ⁴⁹

Few words to reassure the trembling fair;
For in that pause compassion snatch'd from war,
The foe before retiring, fast and far,
With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,
First slower fled — then rallied — then with-
stood.

This Seyd perceives, then first perceives how
few,

Compar'd with his, the Corsair's roving crew,
And blushes o'er his error as he eyes
The ruin wrought by panic and surprize.

Alla il Alla! Vengeance swells the cry —
Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die!
And flame for flame and blood for blood must
tell,

The tide of triumph ebbs that flowed too well —
When wrath returns too renovated strife,

And those who fought for conquest strike for life.

Conrad beheld the danger — he beheld

His followers faint by freshening foes repelled:

„One effort — one — to break the circling

„host!”

They form — unite — charge — waver — all

is lost!

Within a narrower ring compress'd, beset,

Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet —

Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,

Hemm'd in — cut off — cleft down — and

trampled o'er;

But each strikes singly, silently, and home,

And sinks outwearied rather than o'ercome,

His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,

Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death!

But first, ere came the rallying host to blows,

And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose,

Gulnare and all her Haram handmaids freed,

Safe in the dome of one who held their creed

By Conrad's mandate safely were bestow'd,
And dried those tears for life and fame that
flow'd:

And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,
Recall'd those thoughts late wandering in des-
pair,

Much did she marvel o'er the courtesy
That smooth'd his accents — soften'd in his eye.
'Twas strange — that robber thus with gore
bedew'd,

Seem'd gentler then than Seyd in fondest mood.
The Pacha wooed as if he deem'd the slave
Must seem delighted with the heart he gave;
The Corsair vowed protection, sooth'd affright,
As if his homage were a woman's right.

„The wish is wrong — nay worse for female —
„vain:

„Yet much I long to view that chief again;
„If but to thank for, what my fear forgot,
„The life — my loving lord remembered not!”

And him she saw, where thickest carnage
spread,
But gathered breathing from the happier dead;
Far from his band, and battling with a host
That deem right dearly won the field he lost,
Fell'd — bleeding — baffled of the death he
sought,
And snatch'd to expiate all the ills he wrought;
Preserved to linger and to live in vain,
While Vengeance ponder'd o'er new plans of
pain,
And staunch'd the blood she saves to shed
again —
But drop by drop, for Seyd's unglutted eye
Would doom him ever dying — ne'er to die!
Can this be he? triumphant late she saw,
When his red hand's wild gesture waved, a law!
'Tis he indeed — disarm'd but undeprest,
His sole regret the life he still possest;
His wounds too slight, though taken with that will,

Which would have kiss'd the hand that then
could kill.

Oh were there none, of all the many given,
To send his soul — he scarcely asked to heaven?
Must he alone of all retain his breath,
Who more than all had striv'n and struck for
death?

He deeply felt — what mortal hearts must feel,
When thus revers'd on faithless fortune's wheel,
For crimes committed, and the victor's threat
Of lingering tortures to repay the debt
He deeply, darkly felt; but evil pride
That led to perpetrate — now serves to hide.
Still in his stern and self-collected mien
A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,
Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening
wound,

But few that saw — so calmly gaz'd around:
Though the far shouting of the distant crowd,
Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,

The better warriors who beheld him near,
Insulted not the foe who taught them fear —
And the grim guards that to his durance led,
In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

The Leech was sent — but not in mercy —
there
To note how much the life yet left could bear;
He found enough to load with heaviest chain,
And promise feeling for the wrench of pain:
To-morrow — yea — to-morrow's evening sun
Will sinking see impalement's pangs begun,
And rising with the wonted blush of morn
Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne.
Of torments this the longest and the worst,
Which adds all other agony to thirst,
That day by day death still forbears to slake,
While famish'd vultures flit around the stake,
„Oh! water — water!” — smiling Hate denies
The victim's prayer — for if he drinks — he
dies.

This was his doom: — the Leech, the guard
were gone,

And left proud Conrad fetter'd and alone.

'Twere vain to paint to what his feelings
grew —

It even were doubtful if their victim knew.

There is a war, a chaos of the mind,

When all its elements convuls'd — combined —

Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,

And gnashing with impenitent Remorse;

That juggling fiend — who never spake before —

But cries, „I warn'd thee!” when the deed is
o'er.

Vain voice! the spirit burning but unbent,

May writhe — rebel — the weak alone repent!

Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,

And to itself all — all that self reveals,

No single passion, and no ruling thought

That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsought,

But the wild prospect when the soul reviews —

All rushing through their thousand avenues —
Ambition's dreams expiring, love's regret,
Endanger'd glory, life itself beset;
The joy untasted, the contempt or hate
'Gainst those who fain would triumph in our
fate;

The hopeless past — the hasting future driven
Too quickly on to guess if hell or heaven;
Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remem-
bered not

So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot;
Things light or lovely in their acted time,
But now to stern reflection each a crime;
The withering sense of evil unreveal'd,
Not cankering less because the more conceal'd —
All — in a word — from which all eyes must
start,

That opening sepulchre — the naked heart
Bares with its buried woes, till Pride awake,
To snatch the mirror from the soul — and break.

Ay — Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all —
All — all — before — beyond — the deadliest
fall:

Each hath some fear, and he who least be-
trays,

The only hypocrite deserving praise:

Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and
flies;

But he who looks on death — and silent dies:

So steel'd by pondering o'er his far career,

He halfway meets him should he menace near!

In the high chamber of his highest tower,

Sate Conrad, fetter'd in the Pacha's power.

His palace perish'd in the flame — this fort

Contain'd at once his captive and his court.

Not much could Conrad of his sentence blame,

His foe, if vanquish'd, had but shared the
same: —

Alone he sate — in solitude had scann'd

His guilty bosom, but that breast he mann'd:

One thought alone he could not — dared not
meet —

„Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet?”

Then — only then — his clanking hands he
rais'd,

And strain'd with rage the chain on which he
gazèd;

But soon he found — or feign'd — or dream'd
relief,

And smil'd in self-derision of his grief,

„And now come torture when it will — or
may —

„More need of rest to nerve me for the day!”

This said, with languor to his mat he crept,

And, whatsoe'er his visions, quickly slept.

'Twas hardly midnight when that fray begun,

For Conrad's plans matured, at once were done;

And Havoc loathes so much the waste of time,

She scarce had left an uncommitted crime.

One hour beheld him since the tide he stemm'd —

Disguis'd — discover'd — conquering — ta'en —
condemn'd —

A chief on land — an outlaw on the deep —
Destroying — saving — prison'd — and asleep!

He slept in calmest seeming — for his breath
Was hush'd so deep — Ah! happy if in death!
He slept — Who o'er his placid slumber bends?
His foes are gone — and here he hath no
friends;

Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?
No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!
Its white arm rais'd a lamp — yet gently hid,
Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid
Of that clos'd eye, which opens but to pain,
And once unclosed — but once may close again.
That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
And auburn waves of gemm'd and braided hair;
With shape of fairy lightness — naked foot,
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as
mute —

Through guards and dunnest night how came it
there?

Ah! rather ask what will not woman dare?

Whom youth and pity lead like thee, Gulnare!

She could not sleep — and while the Pacha's
rest

In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate-guest,

She left his side — his signet ring she bore,

Which oft in sport adorn'd her hand before —

And with it, scarcely question'd, won her way

Through drowsy guards that must that sign
obey.

Worn out with toil, and tir'd with changing
blows,

Their eyes had envied Conrad his repose;

And chill and nodding at the turret door,

They stretch their listless limbs, and watch no
more —

Just raised their heads to hail the signet-ring,

Nor ask or what or who the sign may bring.

She gazed in wonder, „can he calmly sleep,
„While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?
„And mine in restlessness are wandering here —
„What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?
„True — 'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,
„And me and mine he spared from worse than

„woe:

„'Tis late to think — but soft — his slumber
„breaks —

„How heavily he sighs! — he starts — awakes!”

He rais'd his head — and dazzled with the
light,

His eye seem'd dubious if it saw aright:

He moved his hand — the grating of his chain
Too harshly told him that he liv'd again.

„What is that form? if not a shape of air,

„Methinks, my jailor's face shows wond'rous
„fair!”

„Pirate! thou know'st me not — but I am one,
„Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;

„Look on me — and remember her, thy hand
„Snatch'd from the flames, and thy more fearful
„band.

„I come through darkness — and I scarce know
„why —

„Yet not to hurt — I would not see thee die.”

„If so, kind lady! thine the only eye
„That would not here in that gay hope delight:
„Theirs is the chance — and let them use their
„right.

„But still I thank their courtesy or thine,
„That would confess me at so fair a shrine!”

Strange though it seem — yet with extremest
grief

Is link'd a mirth — it doth not bring relief —
That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,
And smiles in bitterness — but still it smiles —
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
Till even the scaffold ⁵⁰ echoes with their jest!

Yet not the joy to which it seems akin —

It may deceive all hearts, save that within.

Whate'er it was that flash'd on Conrad, now

A laughing wildness half unbent his brow:

And these his accents had a sound of mirth,

As if the last he could enjoy on earth;

Yet 'gainst his nature — for through that short
life,

Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and
strife.

„Corsair! thy doom is named — but I have
power

„To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour.

„Thee would I spare — nay more — would
„save thee now,

„But this — time — hope — nor even thy
„strength allow;

„But all I can, I will: at least, delay

„The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.

„More now were ruin — even thyself were loth

„The vain attempt should bring but doom to

„both.”

„Yes! — loth indeed: — my soul is nerv'd

„to all,

„Or fall'n too low to fear a further fall:

„Tempt not thyself with peril — me with hope,

„Of flight from foes with whom I could not cope;

„Unfit to vanquish — shall I meanly fly,

„The one of all my band that would not die? —

„Yet there is one — to whom my memory clings,

„Till to these eyes her own wild softness springs.

„My sole resources in the path I trod

„Were these — my bark — my sword — my

„love — my God!

„The last I left in youth — he leaves me now —

„And Man but works his will to lay me low.

„I have no thought to mock his throne with

„prayer

„Wrung from the coward crouching of despair,

„It is enough — I breathe and I can bear.

„My sword is shaken from the worthless hand

„That might have better kept so true a brand;

„My bark is sunk or captive — but my love —

„For her in sooth my voice would mount above:

„Oh! she is all that still to earth can bind —

„And this will break a heart so more than

„kind,

„And blight a form — till thine appeared,

„Gulnare!

„Mine eye ne'er ask'd if others were as fair?”

„Thou lov'st another then? — but what

„to me

„Is this — 'tis nothing — nothing e'er can be:

„But yet — thou lov'st — and — Oh! I envy

„those

„Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can repose,

„Who never feel the void — the wandering

„thought

„That sighs o'er visions — such as mine hath
„wrought.”

„Lady — methought thy love was his, for
„whom

„This arm redeem'd thee from a fiery tomb.”

„My love stern Seyd's? Oh — No — No —

„not my love —

„Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once

„strove

„To meet his passion — but it would not be.

„I felt — I feel — love dwells with — with

„the free.

„I am a slave, a favoured slave at best,

„To share his splendour, and seem very blest!

„Oft must my soul the question undergo,

„Of — Dost thou love?” and burn to answer

„No!”

„Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,

„And struggle not to feel averse in vain;

„But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,
„And hide from one — perhaps another there.
„He takes the hand I give not — nor withhold —
„Its pulse nor check'd — nor quicken'd —
„calmly cold:

„And when he quits — it drops a lifeless weight
„From one I never loved enough to hate.
„No warmth these lips return by his imprest,
„And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest.
„Yes — had I ever proved that passion's zeal,
„The change to hatred were at least to feel:
„But still — he goes unmourn'd — returns un-
„sought —

„And oft when present — absent from my
„thought.

„Or when reflection comes, and come it must —
„I fear that henceforth 'twill but bring disgust;
„I am his slave — but, in despite of pride,
„'Twere worse than bondage to become his bride.
„Oh! that this dotage of his breast would cease!

„Or seek another and give mine release,

„But yesterday — I could have said, to peace!

„Yes — if unwonted fondness now I feign,

„Remember — captive! 'tis to break thy

„chain.

„Repay the life that to thy hand I owe;

„To give thee back to all endear'd below,

„Who share such love as I can never know.

„Farewell — morn breaks — and I must now

„away:

„'Twill cost me dear — but dread no death

„to-day!”

She press'd his fetter'd fingers to her heart,

And bow'd her head, and turn'd her to de-

part,

And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.

And was she here? and is he now alone?

What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his

chain?

The tear most sacred — shed for others' pain —

That starts at once — bright — pure — from
Pity's mine,

Already polish'd by the hand divine!

Oh! too convincing — dangerously dear —
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!

That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save — subdue — at once her spear and
shield —

Avoid it — Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,

Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!

What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?

The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.

Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven,

By this — how many lose not earth — but
heaven!

Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,

And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe!

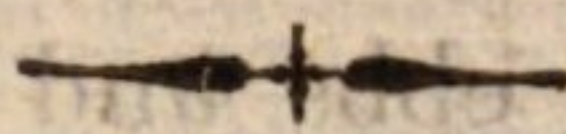
'Tis morn — and o'er his alter'd features play
The beams — without the hope of yesterday. —

What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing:

By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt,

While sets that sun, and dews of evening melt,
Chill — wet — and misty round each stiffened
limb,

Refreshing earth — reviving all but him! —



THE CORSAIR.

A TALE.

CANTO III.

„Come vedi — ancor non m'abbandona.”

DANTE.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not as in Northern climes obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Aegina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;

O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulph, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course and own the hues of
heaven;

Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When — Athens! here thy wisest look'd his
last.

How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's ⁵¹ latest day!
Not yet — not yet — Sol pauses on the hill —
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:

Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land, where Phoebus never frown'd before,
But ere he sunk below Cithaeron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd — the spirit fled;
The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly —
Who liv'd and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign. ⁵²
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams
play,

There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright around with quivering beams beset
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide
Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay Kiosk, ⁵³
And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,

Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye —
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Aegean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chaf'd breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mixt with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown — where gentler ocean seems to
smile ⁶⁴.

Not now my theme — why turn my thoughts
to thee?

Oh! who can look along thy native sea,
Nor dwell upon thy name, whate'er the tale,
So much its magic must o'er all prevail?
Who that beheld that Sun upon thee set,
Fair Athens! could thine evening face forget?
Not he — whose heart nor time nor distance
frees,

Spell-bound within the clustering Cyclades!
Nor seems this homage foreign to his strain,
His Corsair's isle was once thine own domain —
Would that with freedom it were thine again!

The Sun hath sunk — and, darker than the
night,

Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height —
Medora's heart — the third day's come and
gone —

With it he comes not — sends not — faith-
less one!

The wind was fair though light — and storms
were none,

Last eve Anselmo's bark return'd, and yet
His only tidings that they had not met!

Though wild, as now, far different were the
tale

Had Conrad waited for that single sail.

The night-breeze freshens — she that day
had past
In watching all that Hope proclaimed a mast;
Sadly she sate — on high — Impatience bore
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,
And there she wandered heedless of the spray
That dash'd her garments oft, and warn'd away:
She saw not — felt not this — nor dared depart,
Nor deemed it cold — her chill was at her heart;
Till grew such certainty from that suspense —
His very Sight had shock'd from life or sense!
It came at last — a sad and shattered boat,
Whose inmates first beheld whom first they
sought —
Some bleeding — all most wretched — these
the few —
Scarce knew they how escaped — this all they
knew.
In silence darkling each appeared to wait
His fellow's mornful guess at Conrad's fate.

Something they would have said; but seemed to

— fear —

To trust their accents to Medora's ear.

She saw at once, yet sunk not — trembled

— not —

Beneath that grief — that loneliness of lot —

Within that meek fair form were feelings

high,

That deem'd not till they found their energy.

While yet was Hope — they soften'd — flut-

ter'd — wept —

All lost — that softness died not — but it

— slept —

And o'er its slumber rose that Strength which

said,

„With nothing left to love — there's nought to

„dread.”

'Tis more than nature's; like the burning

might

Delirium gathers from the fever's height.

„Silent you stand — nor would I hear you tell

„What — speak not — breathe not — for I

„know it well —

„Yet would I ask — almost my lip denies

„The — quick your answer — tell me where

„he lies?”

„Lady! we know not — scarce with life

„we fled;

„But here is one denies that he is dead:

„He saw him bound; and bleeding — but alive.”

She heard no further — ’twas in vain to

strive —

So throb’d each vein — each thought — till

then withstood;

Her own dark soul — these words at once sab-

duced —

She totters — falls — and senseless had the wave

Perchance but snatch’d her from another grave;

But that with hands though rude, yet weeping

eyes,

Within the Haram's secret chamber sate
Stern Seyd, still pondering o'er his Captive's
fate;

His thoughts on love and hate alternate dwell,
Now with Gulnare, and now in Conrad's cell;
Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined
Surveys his brow — would soothe his gloom of
mind,

While many an anxious glance her large dark eye
Sends in its idle search for sympathy,
His only bends in seeming o'er his beads,⁵⁵
But inly views his victim as he bleeds.

„Pacha! the day is thine; and on thy crest
„Sits Triumph — Conrad taken — fall'n the
„rest!

„His doom is fix'd — he dies — and well his
„fate

„Was earn'd — yet much too worthless for thy
„hate:

„Methinks — a short release, for ransom told)

„With all his treasure, not unwisely sold;
„Report speaks largely of his pirate-hoard —
„Would that of this my Pacha were the Lord!
„While baffled — weakened by this fatal

„fray —

„Watch'd — followed — he were then an
„easier prey;

„But once cut off — the remnant of his band
„Embark their wealth, and seek a safer strand.”

„Gulnare! — if for each drop of blood a
„gem

„Were offered rich as Stamboul's diadem;

„If for each hair of his a massy mine

„Of virgin ore should supplicating shine;

„If all our Arab tales divulge or dream

„Of wealth were here — that gold should not

„redeem!

„It had not now redeem'd a single hour —

„But that I know him fetter'd, in my power;

„And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still

„On pangs that longest rack — and latest kill.”

„Nay, Seyd! — I seek not to restrain thy rage,

„My thoughts were only to secure for thee

„His riches — thus released, he were not free:

„Disabled, shorn of half his might and band,

„His capture could but wait thy first command.”

„His capture could! — and shall I then resign

„One day to him — the wretch already mine?

„Release my foe! — at whose remonstrance? —

„thine!

„Fair suitor! — to thy virtuous gratitude,

„That thus repays this Giaour’s relenting mood,

„Which thee and thine alone of all could spare,

„No doubt — regardless if the prize were fair,

„My thanks and praise alike are due — now

„hear!

„I have a counsel for thy gentler ear:

„I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word

„Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion heard.

„Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai —

„Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?

„Thou need'st not answer — thy confession

„speaks,

„Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks;

„Then, lovely dame, bethink thee! and beware:

„'Tis not his life alone may claim such care!

„Another word and — nay — I need no more.

„Accursed was the moment when he bore

„Thee from the flames, which better far —

„but — no —

„I then had mourn'd thee with a lover's woe —

„Now 'tis thy lord that warns — deceitful thing!

„Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing?

„In words alone I am not wont to chafe;

„Look to thyself — nor deem thy falsehood

„safe!”

He rose — and slowly, sternly thence with-

drew,

Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu:

Ah! little reck'd that chief of womanhood —
Which frowns ne'er quell'd, nor menaces sub-
dued;

And little deem'd he what thy heart — Gulnare!
When soft could feel, and when incens'd could
dare.

His doubts appear'd to wrong — nor yet she knew
How deep the root from whence compassion
grew —

She was a slave — from such may captives
claim

A fellow-feeling — differing but in name;
Still half unconscious — heedless of his wrath,
Again she ventured on the dangerous path,
Again his rage repell'd — until arose
That strife of thought — the source of woman's
woes!

Meanwhile — long anxious — weary —
still — the same

Roll'd day and night — his soul could terror tame —

This fearful interval of doubt and dread,
When every hour might doom him worse than
dead,
When every step that echoed by the gate,
Might entering lead where axe and stake await;
When every voice that grated on his ear
Might be the last that he could ever hear;
Could terror tame — that spirit stern and high
Had proved unwilling as unfit to die;
'Twas worn — perhaps decayed — yet silent
bore
That conflict deadlier far than all before;
The heat of fight, the hurry of the gale,
Leave scarce one thought inert enough to quail;
But bound and fix'd in fettered solitude,
To pine, the prey of every changing mood;
To gaze on thine own heart — and meditate
Irrevocable faults — and coming fate —
Too late the last to shun — the first to mend —
To count the hours that struggle to thine end,

With not a friend to animate and tell
To other ears that death became thee well;
Around thee foes to forge the ready lie,
And blot life's latest scene with calumny:
Before thee tortures, which the soul can dare,
Yet doubts how well the shrinking flesh may
bear;
But deeply feels a single cry would shame,
'To valour's praise thy last and dearest claim;
The life thou leav'st below — denied above
By kind monopolists of heavenly love,
And more than doubtful paradise — thy heaven
Of earthly hope — thy loved one from thee riven.
Such were the thoughts that outlaw must sustain,
And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain:
And those sustain'd he — boots it well or ill?
Since not to sink beneath, is something still!

The first day pass'd — he saw not her —

— Gulnare —

'The second — third — and still she came not there;

But what her words avouch'd, her charms had
done,
Or else he had not seen another sun.
The fourth day roll'd along — and with the
night
Came storm and darkness in their mingling
might:
Oh! how he listen'd to the rushing deep,
That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep;
And his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,
Roused by the roar of his own element!
Oft had he ridden on that winged wave,
And loved its roughness for the speed it gave;
And now its dashing echoed on his ear,
A long known voice — alas! too vainly near!
Loud sung the wind above — and, doubly loud,
Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud;
And flash'd the lightning by the latticed bar,
To him more genial than the midnight star:
Close to the glimmering grate he dragg'd his chain,

And hoped that peril might not prove in vain.
He raised his iron hand to Heaven, and prayed
One pitying flash to mar the form it made:
His steel and impious prayer attract alike —
The storm roll'd onward and disdain'd to strike;
Its peal waxed fainter — ceased — he felt
alone,

As if some faithless friend had spurn'd his groan!

The midnight pass'd — and to the massy
door,

A light step came — it paused — it moved once
more;

Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key —

'Tis as his heart foreboded — that fair she!

Whate'er her sins — to him a guardian saint,

And beauteous still as hermit's hope can paint;

Yet changed since last within that cell she came,

More pale her cheek — more tremulous her
frame:

On him she cast her dark and hurried eye,

Which spoke before her accents — „thou must

„die! —

„Yes, thou must die — there is but one resource,

„The last — the worst — if torture not were

„worse.”

„Lady! — I look to none — my lips proclaim

„What last proclaim'd they — Conrad still the

„same:

„Why should'st thou seek an outlaw's life to

„spare,

„And change the sentence I deserve to bear?

„Well have I earn'd — nor here alone — the

„need

„Of Seyd's revenge, by many a lawless deed.”

„Why should I seek? because — Oh! didst

„thou not

„Redeem my life from worse than slavery's lot?

„Why should I seek? — hath misery made thee

„blind

„To the fond workings of a woman's mind!

„And must I say? albeit my heart rebel
„With all that woman feels, but should not
„tell —
„Because — despite thy crimes — that heart is
„moved —
„It fear'd thee — thank'd thee — pitied —
„madden'd — loved.
„Reply not — tell not now thy tale again,
„Thou lov'st another — and I love in vain;
„Though fond as mine her bosom, form more
„fair,
„I rush through peril which she would not dare.
„If that thy heart to hers were truly dear,
„Were I thine own — thou wert not lonely
„here —
„An outlaw's spouse — and leave her lord to
„roam!
„What hath such gentle dame to do with home?
„But speak not now — o'er thine and o'er my
„head

„Hangs the keen sabre by a single thread;
„If thou hast courage still, and would'st be free,
„Receive this poignard — rise — and follow
„me!”

„Ay — in my chains! my steps will gently
„tread,
„With these adornments, o'er each slumbering
„head!

„Thou hast forgot — is this a garb for flight?
„Or is that instrument more fit for fight?”

„Misdoubting Corsair! I have gain'd the
„guard,

„Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.

„A single word of mine removes that chain:

„Without some aid how here could I remain?

„Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,

„If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime:

„The crime — 'tis none to punish those of

„Seyd —

„That hated tyrant, Conrad — he must bleed!

„I see thee shudder — but my soul is changed —

„Wrong'd — spurn'd — reviled — and it shall

„be avenged —

„Accus'd of what till now my heart disdain'd —

„Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chain'd.

„Yes, smile! — but he had little cause to sneer,

„I was not treacherous then — nor thou too

„dear —

„But he has said it — and the jealous well,

„Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel,

„Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.

„I never loved — he bought me — somewhat

„high —

„Since with me came a heart he could not buy.

„I was a slave unmurmuring; he hath said,

„But for his rescue I with thee had fled.

„'Twas false thou know'st — but let such

„augurs rue,

„Their words are omens, Insult renders true.

„Nor was thy respite granted to my prayer;
„This fleeting grace was only to prepare
„New torments for thy life, and my despair.
„Mine too he threatens; but his dotage still
„Would fain reserve me for his lordly will:
„When wearier of these fleeting charms and me,
„There yawns the sack — and yonder rolls
„the sea!
„What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,
„To wear but till the gilding frets away?
„I saw thee — loved thee — owe thee all —
„would save,
„If but to shew how grateful is a slave.
„But had he not thus menaced fame and life,
„(And well he keeps his oaths pronounced in
„strife)
„I still had saved thee — but the Pacha spared.
„Now I am all thine own — for all prepared —
„Thou lov'st me not — nor know'st — or but
„the worst.

„Alas! this love — that hatred are the first —

„Oh! could'st thou prove my truth, thou would'st

„not start,

„Nor fear the fire that lights an Eastern heart,

„'Tis now the beacon of thy safety — now

„It points within the port a Mainote prow:

„But in one chamber, where our path must

„lead,

„There sleeps — he must not wake — the

„oppressor Seyd!”

„Gulnare — Gulnare — I never felt till now

„My abject fortune — withered fame so low:

„Seyd is mine enemy: had swept my band

„From earth with ruthless but with open hand,

„And therefore came I, in my bark of war,

„To smite the smiter with the scimitar;

„Such is my weapon — not the secret knife —

„Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's

„life —

„Thine saved I gladly, Lady, not for this —

„Let me not deem that mercy shewn amiss.

„Now fare thee well — more peace be with thy

„breast!

„Night wears apace — my last of earthly rest!”

„Rest! Rest! by sunrise must thy sinews

„shake,

— „And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake,

„I heard the order — saw — I will not see —

„If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.

„My life — my love — my hatred — all below

„Are on this cast — Corsair! ’tis but a blow!

„Without it flight were idle — how evade

„His sure pursuit? my wrongs too unrepaid,

„My youth disgraced — the long — long wasted

„years,

„One blow shall cancel with our future fears;

„But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,

„I’ll try the firmness of a female hand —

„The guards are gain’d — one moment all were

„oer —

„Corsair! we meet in safety or no more;
„If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud
„Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my shroud.”

She turn'd, and vanish'd ere he could reply,
But his glance followed far with eager eye;
And gathering, as he could, the links that
bound
His form, to curl their length, and curb their
sound,
Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,
He, fast as fettered limbs allow, pursued.
'Twas dark and winding, and he knew not
where
That passage led — nor lamp nor guard were
there:

He sees a dusky glimmering — shall he seek
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?
Chance guides his steps — a freshness seems
to bear
Full on his brow, as if from morning air —

He reached an open gallery — on his eye
Gleam'd the last star of night — the clearing
sky —

Yet scarcely heeded these — another light
From a lone chamber struck upon his sight.

Towards it he moved, a scarcely closing door
Reveal'd the ray within, but nothing more.

With hasty step a figure outward past,
Then paused — and turn'd — and paused —

'tis She at last!

No poignard in that hand — nor sign of ill —

„Thanks to that softening heart — she could

„not kill!”

Again he looked, the wildness of her eye

Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.

She stopp'd — threw back her dark far-floating

hair,

That nearly veil'd her face and bosom fair:

As if she late had bent her leaning head

Above some object of her doubt or dread.

They meet — upon her brow — unknown —
forgot —

Her hurrying hand had left — 'twas but a
spot —

Its hue was all he saw — and scarce with-
stood —

Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime — 'tis
blood!

He had seen battle — he had brooded lone
O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt fore-
shown —

He had been tempted — chastened — and the
chain

Yet on his arms might ever there remain —
But ne'er from strife — captivity — remorse —
From all his feelings in their inmost force —
So thrill'd — so shuddered every creeping vein
As now they froze before that purple stain.

That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,

Had banish'd all the beauty from her cheek!

Blood he had viewed — could view unmoved —

but then

It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men!

„'Tis done — he nearly waked — but it is

done —

„Corsair! he perish'd — thou art dearly won.

„All words would now be vain — away —

„away!

„Our bark is tossing — 'tis already day —

„The few gain'd over, now are wholly mine,

„And these thy yet surviving band shall join:

„Anon my voice shall vindicate my hand,

„When once our sail forsakes this hated strand.”

She clapp'd her hands — and through the

gallery pour,

Equipp'd for flight, her vassals — Greek and

Moor;

Silent but quick they stoop, his chains unbind;

Once more his limbs are free as mountain wind!
But on his heavy heart such sadness sate,
As if they there transferr'd that iron weight —
No words are uttered — at her sign, a door
Reveals the secret passage to the shore
The city lies behind — they speed, they reach
The glad waves dancing on the yellow beach;
And Conrad following, at her beck, obey'd,
Nor cared he now if rescued or betray'd;
Resistance were as useless as if Seyd
Yet lived to view the doom his ire decreed.

Embark'd, the sail unfurl'd, the light breeze
blew —

How much had Conrad's memory to review!
Sunk he in contemplation — till the cape
Where last he anchor'd rear'd its giant shape.
Ah! — since that fatal night, though brief the
time,
Had swept an age of terror, grief, and crime,
As its far shadow frown'd above the mast,

He veil'd his face, and sorrowed as he past;
He thought of all — Gonsalvo and his band,
His fleeting triumph and his failing hand;
He thought on her afar, his lonely bride —
He turned and saw — Gulnare, the homicide!

She watch'd his features till she could not
bear

Their freezing aspect and averted air,
And that strange fierceness foreign to her eye,
Fell quench'd in tears, too late to shed or dry.
She knelt beside him and his hand she prest,
„Thou may'st forgive though Alla's self detest;
„But for that deed of darkness what wert thou?
„Reproach me — but not yet — Oh! spare
„me now!

„I am not what I seem — this fearful night
„My brain bewilder'd — do not madden quite!
„If I had never loved — though less my guilt,
„Thou hadst not lived to — hate me — if thou
„wilt.”

She wrongs his thoughts, they more himself
upbraid
Than her, though undesign'd, the wretch he
made;
But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexpressed,
They bleed within that silent cell — his breast.
Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the
surge,
The blue waves sport around the stern they
urge;
Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck —
A spot — a mast — a sail — an armed deck!
Their little bark her men of watch descry,
And ampler canvas woos the wind from high;
She bears her down majestically near,
Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier;
A flash is seen — the ball beyond their bow
Booms harmless hissing to the deep below.
Uprose keen Conrad from his silent trance,
A long, long absent gladness in his glance;

„’Tis mine — my blood-red flag — again —

„again —

„I am not all deserted on the main!”

They own the signal, answer to the hail,

Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.

„’Tis Conrad! — Conrad!” shouting from the

deck,

Command nor duty could their transport check!

With light alacrity and gaze of pride,

They view him mount once more his vessel’s

side;

A smile relaxing in each rugged face,

Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace.

He — half forgetting danger and defeat,

Returns their greeting as a chief may greet,

Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo’s hand,

And feels he yet can conquer and command!

These greetings o’er, the feelings that

o’erflow,

Yet grieve to win him back without a blow;

They sail'd prepared for vengeance — had they
known

A woman's hand secured that deed her own,
She were their queen — less scrupulous are
they

Than haughty Conrad how they win their way.
With many an asking smile, and wondering
stare,

They whisper round, and gaze upon Gulnare;
And her, at once above — beneath her sex,
Whom blood appall'd not, their regards per-
plex.

To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye,
She drops her veil, and stands in silency by;
Her arms are meekly folded on that breast,
Which — Conrad safe — to fate resign'd the
rest.

Though worse than phrenzy could that bosom fill,
Extreme in love or hate — in good or ill,
The worst of crimes had left her woman still!

This Conrad mark'd, and felt — ah! could
he less:

Hate of that deed — but grief for her distress;
What she had done no tears can wash away,
And heaven must punish on its angry day:

But — it was done — he knew, whate'er her
guilt,

For him that poignard smote — that blood was
spilt —

And he was free! — and she for him had given
Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven!
And now he turn'd him to that dark-eyed slave
Whose brow was bowed beneath the glance he
gave,

Who now seemed changed and humbled: — faint
and meek,

But varying oft the colour of her cheek
To deeper shades of paleness — all it's red
That fearful spot which stain'd it from the
dead!

He took that hand — it trembled — now too
late —

So soft in love — so wildly nerved in hate;
He clasp'd that hand — it trembled — and
his own

Had lost it's firmness, and his voice it's tone.

„Gulnare!” — but she replied not — „dear
„Gulnare!”

She raised her eye — her only answer there —

At once she sought and sunk in his embrace:

If he had driven her from that resting place,

His had been more or less than mortal heart,

But — good or ill — it bade her not depart.

Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,

His latest virtue then had joined the rest.

Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss

That asked from form so fair no more than
this —

The first — the last that Frailty stole from
Faith —

To lips where Love had lavish'd all his breath,
To lips — whose broken sighs such fragrance
 fling,
As he had fann'd them freshly with his wing!

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely
 isle.

To them the very rocks appear to smile,
The haven hums with many a cheering sound,
The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,
The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,
And sportive dolphins bend them through the
 spray;

Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill discordant
 shriek,

Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak!
Beneath each lamp that through its lattice
 gleams,

Their fancy paints the friends that trim the
 beams.

Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,
Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled
foam?

The lights are high on beacon and from
bower,

And midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower:
He looks in vain — 'tis strange — and all
remark,

Amid so many, her's alone is dark.

'Tis strange — of yore its welcome never fail'd,
Nor now, perchance, extinguish'd, only veil'd.

With the first boat descends he for the shore,
And looks impatient on the lingering oar.

Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,
To bear him like an arrow to that height!

With the first pause the resting rowers gave,
He waits not — looks not — leaps into the wave,
Strives through the surge — bestrides the beach —
and high

Ascends the path familiar to his eye.

He reach'd his turret door — he paused —
no sound

Broke from within — and all was night around.

He knock'd, and loudly — footstep nor reply

Announced that any heard or deem'd him

nigh;

He knock'd — but faintly — for his trembling

hand

Refus'd to aid his heavy heart's demand.

The portal opens — 'tis a well known face —

But not the form he panted to embrace.

Its lips are silent — twice his own essay'd,

And fail'd to frame the question they delay'd;

He snatch'd the lamp — its light will answer

all —

It quits his grasp — expiring in the fall.

He would not wait for that reviving ray —

As soon could he have lingered there for day;

But, glimmering through the dusky corridore,

Another chequers o'er the shadowed floor;

His steps the chamber gain — his eyes behold

All that his heart believed not — yet foretold!

He turn'd not — spoke not — sunk not —

fix'd his look,

And set the anxious frame that lately shook:

He gazed — how long we gaze despite of
pain,

And know — but dare not own we gaze in
vain!

In life itself she was so still and fair,

That death with gentler aspect withered there;

And the cold flowers ⁵⁶ her colder hand con-
tain'd,

In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd

As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,

An made it almost mockery yet to weep:

The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow —

And veil'd — thought shrinks from all that lurk'd
below —

Oh! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,

And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around her
lips —

Yet — yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
And wish'd repose — but only for a while;
But the white shroud, and each extended
tress,

Long — fair — but spread in utter lifeless-
ness,

Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;
These — and the pale pure cheek, became the
bier —

But she is nothing — wherefore is he here?

He ask'd no question — all were answer'd
now

By the first glance on that still — marble
brow.

It was enough — she died — what reck'd it
how?

The love of youth, the hope of better years,
The seource of softest joy and tenderest fears,
The only living thing he could not hate,
Was reft at once — and he deserv'd his fate,
But did not feel it less; — the good explore,
For peace, those realms where guilt can never
soar:

The proud — the wayward — who have fixed
below

Their joy — and find this earth enough for woe,
Lose in that one their all — perchance a mite —
But who in patience parts with all delight?
Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Hide hearts where grief hath little left to
learn;

And many a withering thought lies hid — not
lost —

In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

By those, that deepest feel, are ill exprest
The indistinctness of the suffering breast;
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none;
No words suffice the secret soul to show,
And Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.
On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest,
And stupor almost lull'd it into rest;
So feeble now — his mother's softness crept
To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:
It was the very weakness of his brain,
Which thus confess'd without relieving pain.
None saw his trickling tears — perchance, if
 seen,
That useless flood of grief had never been:
Nor long they flowed — he dried them to
 depart,
In helpless — hopeless — brokenness of heart:
The sun goes forth — but Conrad's day is dim —

And the night cometh — ne'er to pass from
him —

There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
On Grief's vain eye — the blindest of the blind!
Which may not — dare not see — but turns
aside

To blackest shade — nor will endure a guide!

His heart was form'd for softness — warp'd
to wrong —

Betray'd too early, and beguil'd too long;
Each feeling pure — as falls the dropping dew
Within the grot; like that had harden'd too; —
Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials pass'd,
But sunk, and chill'd, and petrified at last.
Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the
rock;

If such his heart, so shatter'd it the shock.

There grew one flower beneath its rugged
brow,

Though dark the shade — it shelter'd, — saved
till now.

The thunder came — that bolt hath blasted
both,

The Granite's firmness, and the Lily's growth:

The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell

Its tale, but shrunk and wither'd where it fell,

And of its cold protector, blacken round

But shiver'd fragments on the barren ground!

'Tis morn — to venture on his lonely hour
Few dare — though now Anselmo sought his
tower.

He was not there — nor seen along the shore;

Ere night, alarm'd, their isle is traversed o'er:

Another morn — another bids them seek,

And shout his name till echo waxeth weak;

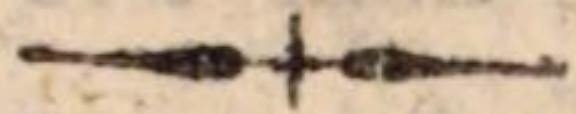
Mount — grotto — cavern — valley search'd
in vain,

They find on shore a sea-boat's broken chain —

Their hope revives — they follow o'er the main;
'Tis idle all — moons roll on moons away,
And Conrad comes not — came not since that
day —

Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom declare
Where lives his grief, or perish'd his despair!
Long mourn'd his band whom none could mourn
beside;

And fair the monument they gave his bride:
For him they raise not the recording stone —
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known;
He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.



BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

BY

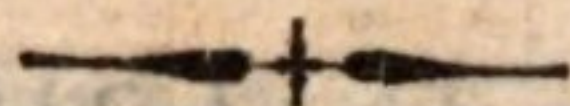
WALTER SCOTT.

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

BY

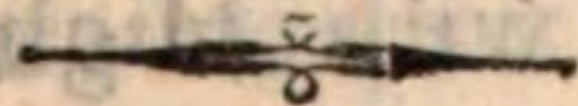
WALTER A. RAY

G L E N F I N L A S
O R
LORD RONALD'S CORONACH 57.



The tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary bathy, (a hut, built for the purpose of hunting,) and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish, that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the Siren, who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trumpe, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend, into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callendar, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray.



„For them the viewless forms of air obey,
„Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
„They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
„And heartless oft, like moody madness, stare,
„To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare.”



„O Hone a rie’! o hone a rie’! ⁵⁸
„The pride of Albin’s line is o’er,
„And fallen Glenartney’s stateliest tree;
„We ne’er shall see Lord Ronald more.”

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never feared a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon ⁵⁹ widows tell,
How on the Teith’s resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny’s pass you bore ⁶⁰.

But o’er his hills on festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronalds beltane-tree ⁶¹;
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee.

Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a Chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's hall to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom in Columba's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found,
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandring spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fatal shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, dekk their board;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid,
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes
And resting on Benledi's head ⁶².

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their sylvan fare the chiefs enjoy;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

„What lack we here to crown our bliss,
„While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
„What but fair woman's yielding kiss,
„Her panting breath, and melting eye?

„To chase the deer of yonder shades,
„This morning left their father's pile
„The fairest of our mountain maids
„The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

„Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart
„And dropp'd the tear and heaved the sigh;
„But vain the lover's wily art,
„Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

„But thou may'st teach that guardian fair,
„While far with Mary I am flown,
„Of other hearts to cease her care,
„And find it hard to guard her own.

„Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
„The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
„Unmindful of her charge and me,
„Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

„Or if she chuse a melting tale
„All underneath the greenwood bough,
„Will good St. Orans rule prevail, ⁶³
„Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?" —

„Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
„No more on me shall rapture rise,
„Responsive to the panting breath,
„Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

„E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe
„Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
„I bade my harps wild wailings flow,
„On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

„The last dread curse of angry heaven,
„With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
„To dash each glimpse of joy, was given —
„The gift the future ill to know.

„The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn
„So gaily part from Oban's bay,
„My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,
„Far on the rocky Colonsay.

„Thy Fergus too—thy sisters son,
„Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power,
„As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe,
„He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

„Thou only saw'st their tartans ⁶⁴ wave,
„As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
„Heard'st but the pibroch ⁶⁵ answering brave
„To many a target clanking round.

„I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears
„I saw the wound his bosom bore,
„When on the serried Saxon spears
„He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

„And thou who bidst me think of bliss,
„And bidst my heart awake to glee,
„And court, like thee, the wanton kiss —
„That heart, o Ronald bleeds for thee!

„I see the death-damps chill thy brow;
„I hear thy warning spirit cry;
„The corpse-lights dance -- they're gone, and now --
„No more is given to gifted eye!" —

„Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
„Sad prophet of the evil hour!
„Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
„Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

„Or false, or sooth thy words of woe
„Clangillian's chieftain ne'er shall fear;
„His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
„Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.

„E'en now to meet me in yon dell
„My Mary's buskins brush the dew;" —
He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell,
But call'd his dogs and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return'd each hound;
In rush'd the rouzers of the deer;
They howl'd in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch beside the Seer.

No Ronald yet, though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease the moaning howl;
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouch'd the harp began to ring,
As softly slowly oped the door;
And shook responsive every string
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And by the watchfire's glimmering light,
Close by the Minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
„O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen
„In deep Glenfinlas' moon-light glade,
„A lovely maid in vest of green:

„With her a chief in Highland pride;
„His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
„The mountain dirk adorns his side,
„Far on the wind his tartans flow?" —

„And who art thou? and who are they?"
All ghastly gazing Moy replied:
„And why beneath the moon's pale ray,
„Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side?" —

„Where wild Lock Katrine pours her tide,
„Blue dark and deep, round many an isle,
„Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
„The castle of the bold Glengyle.

„To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
„O'er woodland course this morn we bore,
„And haply met, while wandering here,
„The son of great Macgillianore.

„O aid me then, to seek the pair
„Whom loitering in the woods, I lost;
„Alone I dare not venture there,
„Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.” —

„Yes many a shrieking ghost walks there;
„Then, first, my own sad vow to keep,
„Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
„Which still must rise when mortals sleep.” —

„O first, for pity's gentle sake,
„Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
„For I must cross the haunted brake,
„And reach my father's towers ere day.”

„First three times tell each Ave-bead,
„And thrice a Pater-noster say;
„Then kiss with me the holy reed;
„So shall we safely wind our way.” —

„O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!
„Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
„And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
„Which best befits thy sullen vow.

„Not so by high Dunlathmon's fire, O,
„Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
„When gaily rung thy raptured lyre,
„To wanton Morna's melting eye.” —

Wild stared the Minstrel's eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

„And thou when by the blazing oak
„I lay, to her and love resign'd,
„Say rode ye on the eddyng smoke,
„Or sailed ye on the midnight wind?

„Not thine a race of mortal blood,
„Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
„Thy dame, the Lady of the flood
„Thy Sire, the monarch of the mine.” —

He mutter'd thrice St. Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St. Fillans powerful prayer ⁶⁶;
Then turn'd him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And bending 'o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud and high, and strange, they rung,
As many a magic chance they find.

Tall wax'd the spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell, away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the Minstrels head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell,
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing fire-brands fell.

Next, dropp'd from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strain'd an half-drawn blade:
And last the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

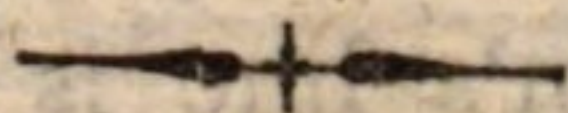
Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen.

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, to meet
The wayward Ladies of the glen.

And we — behind the chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field —
And we the loud lament must swell.

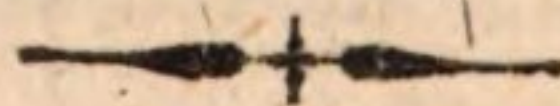
O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

THE
EVE OF SAINT JOHN.



Smaylho'me, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court being defended, on three sides, by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a border-keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron grate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the Watchfold, and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brothstone is a heath in the neighbourhood of Smaylhome Tower.

This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the Author's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a border tale. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well known Irish tradition.



The baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurred his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack ⁶⁷ was braced and his helmet
was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof, he wore;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron returned in three days space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his coursers pace,
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor
Ran red with English blood;

Where the Douglas true and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed,
His action pierced and tore;
His axe and his dagger with blood embrued,
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little page
His name was English Will.

„Come thou hither, my little foot-page;

„Come hither to my knee, —

„Though thou art young, and tender of age

„I think thou art true to me.

„Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,

„And look thou tell me true!

„Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,

„What did thy lady do?"

„My lady each night, sought the lonely light,
„That burns on the wild Watchfold;
„For, from height to height, the beacons bright
„Of the english foemen told.

„The bittern clamoured from the moss,
„The wind blew loud and shrill;
„Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
„To the eiry beacon hill.

„I watched her steps, and silent came
„Where she sat her on a stone;
„No watchmann stood by the dreary flame
„It burned all alone.

„The second night I kept her in sight,
„Till to the fire she came,
„And, by Mary's might! an armed knight
„Stood by the lonely flame.

„And many a word that warlike lord
„Did speak to my lady there;
„But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
„And I heard not what they were.

„The third night, there the sky was fair,

„And the mountain blast was still,

„As again I watched the secret pair,

„On the lonesome beacon hill.

„And I heard her name the midnight hour,

„And name this holy eve;

„And say, 'come this night to thy lady's bower;

„Ask no bold barons leave.

„He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;

„His lady is all alone;

„The door she'll undo to her night so true,

„On the eve of good St. John."

„I cannot come, I must not come

„I dare not come to thee.

„On the eve of St. John I must wander alone;

„In thy bower I may not be."

„Now out on thee, faint-hearted knight!

„Thou should'st not say me nay;

„For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,

„Is worth the whole summer's day.

„And I'll chain the bloodhound, and the warder
„shall not sound

„And rushes shall be strewed on the stair;

„So, by the black rood-stone ⁶⁸, an by holy
„Saint John,

„I conjure thee, my love, to be there!”

„Though the bloodhound be mute, and the rush
„beneath my foot,

„And the warder his bugle should not blow,

„Yet there sleepeth a priest, in the chamber to
„the east,

„And my footstep he would know.”

„O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east.

„For to Dryburgh ⁶⁹ the way he has ta'en;

„And there to say mass, till three days do pass,

„For the soul of a knight that is slayne.”

„He turned him around, and grimly he frowned;

„Then he laughed right scornfully —

„He who says the mass-rite for the soul of
„that knight

„May as well say mass for me.

„At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits
„have power,

„In thy chamber will I be.” —

„With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
„And no more did I see.” —

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron’s
brow,

From the dark to the blood-red high;

„Now tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,

„For, by Mary, he shall die!”

„His arms shone full bright, in the beacon’s red
„light:

„His plume it was scarlet and blue;

„On his shield was a hound, in a silver lash

„bound,

„And his crest was a branch of the yew.”

„Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,

„Loud dost thou lie to me!

„For that knight is cold, and low laid in the

„mould,

„All under the Eildon tree 70.”

„Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!

„For I heard her name his name;

„And that lady bright, she called the knight,

„Sir Richard of Coldinghame.”

The bold Baron's brow then changed I trow,

From high blood-red to pale —

„The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is

„stiff and stark —

„So I may not trust thy tale.

„Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,

„And Eildon slopes to the plain,

„Full three nights ago, by some secret foe

„That gay gallant was slain.

„The varying light deceived thy sight,

„And the wild winds drowned the name;

„For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white

„monks do sing,

„For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!”

He passed the court-gate, and he oped the tower

grate,

And he mounted the narrow stair,

To the bartizan seat, where, with maids that
on her wait,

He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;

Looked over hill and dale;

Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood '1

And all down Tiviotdale.

„Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!”

„Now hail, thou Baron true!

„What news, what news from Ancram fight!

„What news from the bold Buccleuch?”

„The Ancram Moor is red with gore,

„For many a southern fell;

„And Buccleuch has charged us evermore,

„To watch our beacons well.” —

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said;

Nor added the Baron a word:

Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber
fair,

And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd
and turn'd,

And oft to himself he said —

The worms around him creep, and his bloody
grave is deep —

It cannot give up the dead!

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,

The night was well nigh done,

When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,

On the eve of good St. John.

The lady looked through the chamber fair,

By the light of a dying flame;

And she was aware of a knight stood there —

Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

„Alas! away, away!” she cried,

„For the holy virgins sake!”

„Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;

„But, lady, he will not awake.

„By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,

„In bloody grave have I lain;

„The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,

„But, lady, they are said in vain.

„By the Barons brand, near Tweed's fair strand,

„Most foully slain I fell;

„And my restless sprite on the beacon's height

„For a space is doomed to dwell.

„At our trysting place for a certain space ^{7 2},

„I must wander to and fro;

„But I had not had power to come to thy bower

„Had'st thou not conjured me so.”

Love mastered fear — her brow she crossed;

„How Richard, hast thou sped?

„And art thou saved, or art thou lost?”

The vision shook his head!

„Who spilleth life, shall forfeith life:

„So bid thy lord believe:

„That lawless love is guilt above,

„This awful sign receive.”

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam;

His right upon her hand;

The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable scere of fingers four,
Remains on that board impressed;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower
Ne'er looks upon the sun:
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk, who speaks to none —
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron.

T H E F I R E - K I N G .



Bold knight and fair dames, to my harp give
an ear,

Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your
glee

At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

O see you that castle, so strong and so
high?

And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that Palmer, from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his
hand? —

„Now palmer, grey palmer o tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy
countrie?

And how goes the warfare by Gallilee's strand?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the
land?"

„O well goes the warfare by Gallilee's wave,
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have;
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians
have won."

A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there
hung;
O'er the palmer's grey locks the fair chain has
she flung:

„O palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee,
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy
Countrie.

„And palmer, good palmer, by Gallilee's
wave

O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave.
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-
cross rushed on,
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?" —

„O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;
O lady fair lady, the stream pure it flows;
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar
on high;
But lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

„The green boughs they wither, the thunder-
bolt falls,
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorched walls;
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is
gone;

Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon.” —

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her
speed;
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at
her need;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair
Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood
had he;

A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

„Oh Christian, brave Christian, my love
would'st thou be,

Three things must thou do ere I hearken to
thee:

Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou
take;

And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

„And next in the cavern, where burns ever-
more

The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore,
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou
wake;

And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.” —

„And last, thou shalt aid us with council
and hand,

To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;
For my lord and my love then Count Albert
I'll take,

When all this is accomplished for Zulema's sake.”

Again in the cavern, deep deep under ground,
He watched the lone night, while the winds
whistled round;
Far off was their murmur, it came not more
nigh,
The flame burned unmoved, and nought else did
he spy.

Loud murmured the priests, and amazed
was the king,
While many darkspells of their witchcraft they
sing;
They searched Albert's body, and lo! on his
breast
Was the sign of the cross, by his father im-
pressed.

The priests they erase it with care and with
pain,
And the recreant returned to the cavern again;
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell! —
It was his good angel that bid him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart fluttered
and beat

And he turned him five steps, half resolved to
retreat;

But his heart it was hardened, his purpose was
gone,

When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce passed he the archway, the threshold
scarce trod

When the winds from the four points of heaven
were abroad;

They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-
King.

Full sore rocked the cavern whene'er he
drew nigh,

The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high;

In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim

The dreadful approach of the Monarch of
Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguished in form,
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was
storm;
I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame,
When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of
Flame.

In his hand a broad faulchion blue-glimmer'd
through smoke,
And mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he
spoke." —

„With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long
and no more,
Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin
adore." —

The cloud-shrouded arm gives the weapon;
and see!
The recreant receives the charmed gift on his knee:
The thunders growl distant, and faint gleam
the fires,
As, borne on his whirlwind, the Phantom retires.

Count Albert has armed him the Pagnim
among,
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it
was strong;
And the Red-cross waxed faint, and the Crescent
came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon,

From Lebanon's forests to Gallilee's wave,
The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the
brave;
Till the knights of the Temple, and knights of
St. John,
With Salem's King Baldwin, against him came on.

The war-cymbals clattered, the trumpets
replied,
The lances were couched, and they closed on
each side,
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin
unto.

Against the charmed blade which Count Albert
did wield,
The fence had been vain of the King's Red-
cross shield;
But a Page thrust him forward the monarch
before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stooped low
Before the crossed shield, to his steel saddle-
bow;
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his
head, —
„Bonne grace notre Dame” he unwitting-
ly said.

Sore sighed the charmed sword, for it's vir-
tue was o'er;
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more;
But true men have said, that the lightning's red
wing
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He clenched his set teeth and his gauntletted
hand;
He streched with one buffet, that Page on the
strand,
As back from the stripping the broken casque
rolled,
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets
of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eyeballs, and blood-
clotted hair;
For down came the Templars like Cedron in
flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites
yield
To the scallop, the saltier, and crosletted
shield;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel
dead,
From Bethsaida's fountains to Napthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain —
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies streched 'mid the
slain?

And who is yon Page lying cold at his knee? —
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

The lady was buried in Salem's blessed
bound,

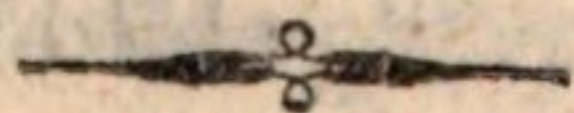
The Count he was left to the vulture and
hound:

Her soul to high mercy Our Ladye die bring;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel in harping, can tell,
How the Red-cross it conquered, the Crescent
it fell;

And lords and gay ladies have sighed, 'mid their
glee,

At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.



THE ERL - KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.



O! who rides by night through the woodlands
so wild?

It is the fond father embracing his child;
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
From the blast of the tempest to keep himself
warm.

„O father! see yonder! see yonder!” he says.
„My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?”
„O! ’tis the Erl-King, with his staff and his
„shroud!”

„No, my love! it is but a dark wreath of the
„cloud.”

„O! wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest
child?

By many gay sports shall thy hours be beguiled;

My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my
boy.”

„O father! my father! and did you not
hear

The Erl-King whisper so close in my ear?” —

„Be still, my loved darling, my child, be at
ease!

It was but the wild blast as it howled through
the trees.” —

„O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest
boy?

My daughter shall tend thee with care and with
joy;

She shall bear thee so lightly through wet and
through wild,

And hug thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my
child.” —

„O father! my father! and saw you not plain
The Erl-Kings pale daughter glide past through
the rain?”

„O no, my heart's treasure! I knew it full
soon,
It was the grey willow that danced to the
moon.” —

„Come with me, come with me, no longer
delay!

Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away.” —

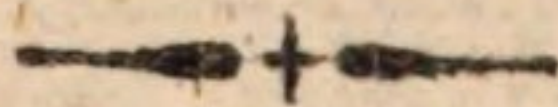
„O father! o father! now, now, keep your
hold!

The Erl-King has seized me — his grasp is so
cold.” —

Sore trembled the father; he spurred through
the wild

Clasping close to his bosom, his shuddering
child.

He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread;
But clasped to his bosom, the infant was dead!



THE NORMAN HORSE-SHOE.

The Welch, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of Clare, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of Neville, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream, which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan: Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

Red glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle horn;
And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.

They swore, their banners broad should gleam,
In crimson light, on Rymny's stream;
They vowed, Caerphili's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

And sooth they swore — the sun arose,
And Rymny's wave with crimson glows;
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Rolled down the stream to Severn's tide!
And sooth they vowed — the trampled green
Shewed where hot Neville's charge had been;
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horseman's curdling blood!

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,
That armed stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's warhorse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velved mead;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the Fairie's Emerald-ring ⁷⁵.

THE DYING BARD.

The Welch tradition bears, that a Bard on his death-bed, demanded his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted; requesting, that it might be performed at his funeral.

Dinas Emlinn, lament; for the moment is nigh,
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall
die:

No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing
wave.

In spring and in autumn, thy glories of shade
Unhonoured shall flourish, unhonoured shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That viewed them with rapture, with rapture
that sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in
their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;

But where is the harp shall give life to their name?

And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And Oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark
hair;

What tuneful Enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

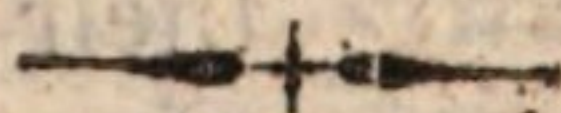
Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved
scene,

To join the dim choir of the bards that have been;
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And sage Taliessing, high harping to hold.

And adieu Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy
shades,
Unconquered thy warriors, and matchless thy
maids!

And thou whose faint warblings my weakness
can tell!

Farewell, my loved Harp! my last treasure,
farewell!



THE MAID OF TORO.

O, low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the
dark wood,
All as a fair maiden, bewildered in sorrow,
Sorely sighed to the breezes, and wept to
the flood.

„O, saints! from the mansions of bliss lowly
bending;

Sweet Virgin! who hearest the suppliant's cry,
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die!” —

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes
they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's
dread rattle,
And the chace's wild clamour, came loading
the gale.

Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary ;

Slowly approaching a warrior was seen ;

Life's ebbing tide marked his footsteps so weary,

Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

„O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are
flying!

O save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is
low!

Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is
lying;

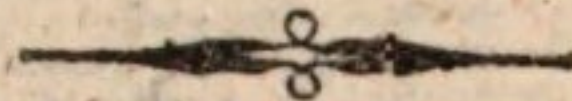
And fast through the woodland approaches
the foe.” —

Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,

And scarce could she hear them, benumb'd
with despair:

And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of
Toro,

For ever he set to the Brave, and the Fair.



HELLVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed
misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was
yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn
was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was
ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the
wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown moun-
tain-heather,

Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay streched in
decay,

Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to
weather,

Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenant-
less clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely ex-
tended,

For, faithful in death, his mute favourite
attended,

The much-loved remains of her master de-
fended,

And chased the hill-fox and the raven
away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was
slumber?

When the wind waved his garment, how oft
didst thou start?

How many long days and long nights didst thou
number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy
heart?

And, Oh! was it meet, that, — no requiem
read o'er him,

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,

And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before
him, —

Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should de-
part?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has
yielded,

The tapestry waves dark round the dim-
lighted hall;

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,

And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:

Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches
are gleaming;

In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are
beaming;

Far adown the long aisle sacred music is strea-
ming,

Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,

To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;

When wildered he drops from some cliff huge in stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.

And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,

Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,

In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

T H E P A L M E R.

O open the door, some pity to show,
Keen blows the northern wind;
The glen is white with the drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

No Outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the King's deer,
Though even an Outlaw's wretched state
Might claim compassion here.

A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin;
O open for Our Lady's sake;
A pilgrim's blessing win!

I'll give you pardons from the pope
And reliques from o'er the sea, —
Or if for these you will not ope,
Yet open for charity.

The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hind;
An aged man, amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.

You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,
Dark deep and strong is he
And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,
Unless you pity me.

The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain;
The owner's heart is closer barr'd,
Who hears me thus complain.

Farewell, farewell! and Mary grant
When old and frail you be,
You never may the shelter want,
That's now denied to me.

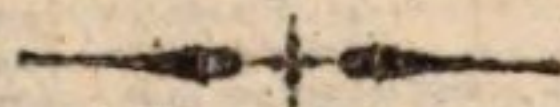
The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain;
But oft amid December's storm,
He'll hear that voice again:

For lo, when through the vapours dank,
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer welter'd there.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.



A mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of the Earl of March and a son of the laird of Tushielaw. As the Alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, the young lady, though much exhausted caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognizing her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock, and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants.



O lover's eyes are sharp to see,
And lover's ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering

Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decayed by pining,
Till through her wasted hand at night,
You saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,
Seemed in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came — he passed — an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing —
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.



H U N T I N G S O N G.

Waken lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chace is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
„Waken lords and ladies gay.”

Waken lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the morning gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chaunt our lay,
„Waken lords and ladies gay.”

Waken lords and ladies gay,
To the green wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can shew the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed,
You shall see him brought to bay,
„Waken lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chaunt the lay
Waken lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

THE VIOLET.



The violet in her green-wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazles mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining;
I' ve seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

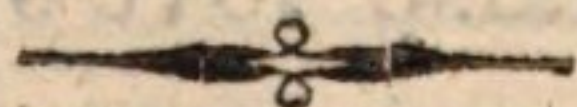


TO A LADY, WITH FLOWERS FROM
A ROMAN WALL.



Take these flowers which, purple waving,
On the ruined rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there:
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.



THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION, IN THE
AUTUMN OF 1804.



The forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine, and the dark oak-tree;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer
Is whistling the forest lullaby. —
The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees
That mingles with the groaning oak —
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock; —
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the Bard in fitful mood;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

„Wake ye from your sleep of death
„Minstrels and Bards of other days!
„For the midnight wind is on the heath,
„And the midnight meteors dimly blaze:
„The Spectre with his Bloody Hand ⁷⁴,
„Is wandering through the wild woodland;
„The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
„And the time is meet to awake the dead!

„Souls of the mighty! wake and say,
„To what high strain your harps were strung,
„When Lochlin ploughed her billowy way,
„And on your shores her Norsemen flung?
„Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,
„Skill'd to prepare the raven's food,
„All by your harpings doom'd to dye
„On bloody Largs and Loncarty ⁷⁵,

„Mute are ye all? No murmurs strange
„Upon the midnight breeze sail by;
„Nor through the pines with whistling change,
„Mimic the harp's wild harmony!

„Mute are ye now? Ye ne'er were mute,
„When murder with his bloody foot,
„And rapine with his iron hand,
„Were hovering near yon mountain strand.

„O yet awake the strain to tell,
„By every deed in song enroll'd,
„By every chief who sought or fell,
„For Albion's weal in battle bold; —
„From Coilgach ⁷⁶, first who roll'd his car,
„Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
„To him, of veteran memory dear,
„Who victor died on Aboukir.

„By all their swords, by all their scars
„By all their names, a mighty spell!
„By all their wounds, by all their wars,
„Arise, the mighty strain to tell!
„For fiercer than fierce Hengists strain,
„More impious than the heathen Dane,
„More grasping than all-grasping Rome,
„Gaul's ravening legions hither come!” —

The wind is hush'd, and still the lake —
Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
At the dread voice of other years —
„When targets clash'd, and bugles rung,
„And blades round warriors' heads were flung,
„The foremost of the band were we,
„And hymn'd the joys of Liberty!”

THE RESOLVE.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM.

—
My wayward fate I needs must plain,
Though bootless be the theme;
I loved, and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream:
For as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
No more I'll bask in flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile,
By flattering word, or feigned tear,
By gesture, look, or smile:
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot; —
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,
In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow.
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,
That is but lightly won;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's art,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abides,
The flame it's glory hurls about,
The gem its lustre hides;
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,
And glow'd a diamond stone;
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain,
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall tangle me again:
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,

I'll live upon mine own;
Nor shall wild passion trouble it, —
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest, —
„Thy loving labour's lost;
„Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
„To be so strangely crost:
„The widow'd turtles mateless die,
„The phoenix is but one;
„They seek no loves — no more will I. —
„I'll rather dwell alone.”

E P I T A P H,

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL,
AT THE BURIAL PLACE OF THE FAMILY
OF MISS SEWARD.



Amid these Aisles, where once his precepts
show'd

The heavenward pathway which in life he trod,
This simple tablet marks a Father's bier,
And those he loved in life, in death are near;
For him, for them, a Daughter bade it rise,
Memorial of domestic charities.

Still wouldst thou know why o'er the marble
spread,

In female grace the willow droops her head;
Why on her braaches, silent and unstrung,
The minstrel harp is emblematic hung;
What poet's voice is smother'd here in dust
Till waked to join the chorus of the just, —
Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honour'd, beloved, and mourned, here Seward
lies!

Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship
say, —

Go seek her genius in her living day.



WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

P O E M S

BY

L O R D B Y R O N.

P O E M S

L O R D B Y R O N

hand and sword, with every kind of

guiltless blood, and every

kind of guilt, and every

kind of guilt, and every

kind of guilt, and every

kind of guilt, and every

kind of guilt, and every

Go seek the living day

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

1 8 0 9.



As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer-by;
Thus when thou view'st this page alone
May mine attract thy pensive eye!
And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.

T O * * * 1 8 0 9.



Oh Lady! when I left the shore,
The distant shore, which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth:
Yet here amidst this barren isle,
Where panting nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.
Though far from Albi's craggy shore,
Divided by the dark-blue main;
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again:
But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
Though time restore me to my home,
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:

On thee, in whom at once conspire
All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
And oh! forgive the word — to love.
Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend;
And since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.
And who so cold as look on thee,
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?
Nor be what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress?
Ah! who would think that form had pass'd
Through Danger's most destructive path,
Had brav'd the deathwing'd tempest's blast,
And 'scap'd a tyrant's fiercer wrath?
Lady! when I shall see the walls
Where free Byzantium once arose;
And Stamboul's oriental halls
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;
Though mightiest in the lists of fame
That glorious city still shall be ;

On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,
As spot of thy nativity;
And though I bid thee now farewell,
When I behold that wondrous scene,
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
'Twill soothe to be where thou hast been.

WRITTEN AT ATHENS

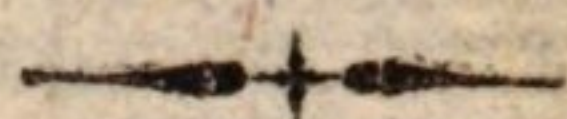
1810.



The spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.
Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

SONG. ATHENS

1810.



Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go

Ζωη μὲ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ⁷⁷.

By those tresses unconfin'd,
Woo'd by each Aegean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe
Ζωη μὲ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircl'd waist;

By all the token-flowers that tell ⁷⁸

What words can never speak so well;

By love's alternate joy and woe,

Ζωη μὲ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:

Think of me, sweet! when alone.

Though I fly to Islambol, ⁷⁹

Athens holds my heart and soul;

Can I cease to love thee? No!

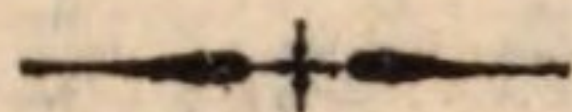
Ζωη μὲ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.



Dear object of defeated care!
Though now of Love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair
Thine image and my tears are left.

'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope;
But this I feel can ne'er be true:
For by the death-blow of my Hope
My Memory immortal grew.

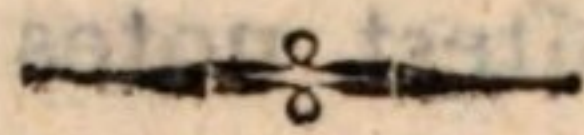


T O T H Y R Z A.

Without a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what Truth might well have said,
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah, wherefore art thou lowly laid?
By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet belov'd in vain;
The past, the future fled to thee
To bid us meet — no-ne'er again!
Could this have been — a word — a look
That softly said, „we part in peac,”
Had taught my bosom how to brook
With fainter sighs, thy souls' release.
And didst thou not, since Death for thee
Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?
Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,

In that dread hour ere death appear,
When silent Sorrow fears to sigh,
Till all was past? But when no more
'Twas thine to reckon of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flow'd as fast, — as now they flow,
Shall they not flow, when many a day
In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere call'd but for a time away,
Affections mingling tears were our's?
Our's too the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand;
The kiss so guiltless and refin'd
That love each warmer wish forbore;
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
Ev'n passion blush'd to plead for more.
The tone that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice
But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore. — I wear it still,
But where is thine? — ah, where art thou?
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now!
Well heart thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb,
I would not wish thee here again;
But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here.
Teach me — too early taught by thee! —
To bear, forgiving and forgiv'n:
On earth thy love was such to me;
It fain would form my hope in heav'n!



S T A N Z A S.



Away, away, ye notes of woe!
Be silent thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence, for, oh!
I dare not trust those sounds again.
To me they speak of brighter days:
But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze
On what I am, on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled;
And now their softest notes repeat
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
Yes Thyrsa! yes, they breathe of thee,
Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was harmony
Is worse than discord to my heart!

'Tis silent all! — but on my ear
The well-remember'd echoes thrill;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
A voice that now might well be still.
Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake
Ev'n slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till consciousness will vainly wake
To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet 'Thyrza! waking as in sleep,
Thou art but now a lovely dream;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.
But he, who through life's dreary way
Must pass, when heav'n is veil'd in wrath
Will long lament the vanish'd ray
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

T O T H Y R Z A.

One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleas'd before:
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
Man was not form'd to live alone:
I'll be that light unmeaning thing
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled and left me lonely here;
Thou'rt nothing, all is nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe, that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre!
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the madd'ning soul,
The heart — the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deem'd the heav'nly light
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon
When sailing o'er the Aegean wave,
„Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon” —
Alas! it gleam'd upon her grave!

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
„'Tis comfort still,” I faintly said,
„That Thyrsa cannot know my pains:”
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 'tis idle then to give,

Relenting Nature vainly gave
My life, when Thyrsa ceas'd to live.

My Thyrsa's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new!
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
How ting'd by time, with sorrows hue!
The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent — ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou'rt prest!
Time tempers love, but not removes,
More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead!

S T A N Z A S.

MARCH 14th. 1812.

—
If sometimes in the haunts of men,
Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade:
And now that sad and silent hour
Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserv'd may pour
The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And self-condemned, appear to smile,
Unfaithful to thy Memory!
Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine,
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly thine.

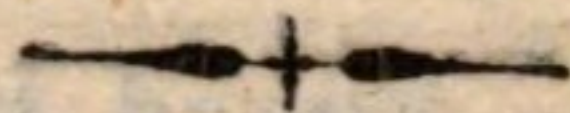
If not the goblet pass unquaff'd,
It is not drain'd to banish care,

The cup must hold a deadlier draught
That brings a Lethe for despair;
And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free,
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drown'd a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanish'd from my mind,
Where could my vacant bosom turn?
And who would then remain behind
'To honour thine abandon'd Urn?
No, no — it is my sorrows pride
The last dear duty to fulfil;
Though all the world forget beside,
'Tis meet that I remember still.

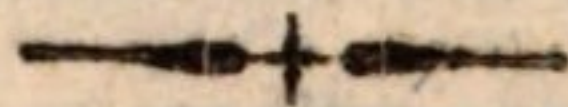
For well I know, that such had been
Thy gentle care for him who now
Unmourn'd shall quit this mortal scene,
Where none regarded him, but thou:
And, Oh! I feel in that was given,
A blessing never meant for me;
Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven
For earthly Love to merit thee.

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH
WAS BROKEN.



Ill-fated heart! and can it be
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain!
Have years of care for thine and thee
Alike been all employed in vain?

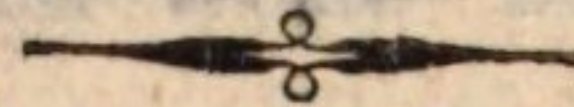
Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,
And every fragment dearer grown,
Since he who wears thee, feels thou art
A fitter emblem of his own.



ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE
„ORIGIN OF LOVE?”



The „Origin of Love!” — Ah why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou may'st read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?
And shouldst thou seek his end to know —
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
He'll linger long in silent woe;
But live — untill I cease to be.



T O * * * * *

Well! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal.
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest — and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass — Oh! how my heart
Would hate him, if he lov'd thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when th'unconscious infant smil'd,
I kiss'd it, for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it, and repress'd my sighs
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
While thou art blest I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seared by thy side,
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime —
We met, and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there:
One only feeling could'st thou trace;
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart be still, or break 79 d.



FROM THE PORTUGUESE.



In moments to delight devoted,
„My life!” with tend’rest tone, you cry;
Dear words! on which my heart had doated,
If youth could neither fade nor die.

To death even hours like these must roll,
Ah then repeat those accents never;
Or change „my life!” into „my soul!”
Which, like my love, exists for ever.



IMPROMPTU IN REPLY TO
A FRIEND.



When from the heart where Sorrow sits
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye:
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink:
My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink
And droop within their silent cell.



T O T I M E.

Time! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die —
Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.
I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou could'st spare
All that I lov'd to peace or heav'n.
To them be joy or rest, on me
Thy future ills shall press in vain;
I nothing owe but years to thee,
A debt already paid in pain.
Yet even that pain was some relief;
It felt, but still forgot thy pow'r:
The active agony of grief

Retards but never counts the hour.
In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight
Would soon subside from swift to slow;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
But could not add a night to woe;
For then, however drear and dark,
My soul was suited to thy sky
One star alone shot forth a spark
To prove thee — not Eternity.
That beam has sunk, and now thou art
A blank; a thing to count and curse
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
Which all regret, yet all rehearse.
One scene even thou canst not deform;
The limit of thy sloth or speed,
When future wanderers bear the storm
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed:
And I can smile to think how weak
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
Must fall upon — a nameless stone!

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP
FORMED FROM A SKULL.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY 1808.



Start not — nor deem my spirit fled:

In me behold the only skull,

From which unlike a living head,

Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee;

I died; let earth my bones resign:

Fill up — thou canst not injure me;

The worm has fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape

'Then nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;

And circle in the goblet's shape

'The drink of gods, than reptile's food.

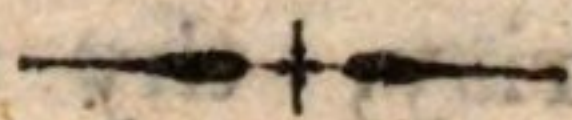
Where once my wit, perchance hath shone,
In aid of others let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine!

Quaff while thou canst — another race,
When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce —
Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT
OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY Oct. 30. 1808.

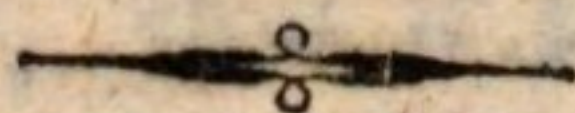


When some proud son of man return to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he would have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
'The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him
alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnotic'd all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.

Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debas'd by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with dis-
gust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for
shame.

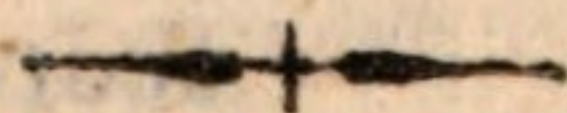
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on — it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

F A R E W E L L.



Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky,
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word — Farewell! — Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast, and in my brain;
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel;
I only know we loved in vain —
I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell!



S O N N E T S.
TO GENEVRA.

I.

Thine eyes blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features — caught
From contemplation — where serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair —

Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That — but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought —
I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.

With such an aspect by his colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that thou hast nothing to repent)

The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn —
Such seem'st thou — but how much more excellent!

With nought Remorse can claim — nor Virtue
scorn.

II.

Thy cheek is pale with thought, but not
from woe,

And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow: —

And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes — but oh!
While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow;
For, through thy long dark lashes low de-
pending,

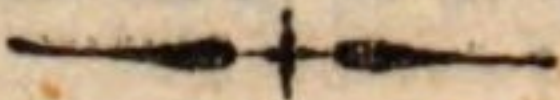
The soul of melancholy Gentleness

Gleams like a Seraph from the sky descending,

Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.



FROM THE TURKISH.


The chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound,
The heart that offered both was true,
And ill deserv'd the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell
Thy truth in absense to divine;
And they have done their duty well,
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet — till thou could'st think
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert chang'd, they alter'd too;
The chain is broke, the music mute:
'Tis past — to them and thee adieu —
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.



P O E M S

BY

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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LOCHIEL'S WARNING 78 b.

WIZARD — LOCHIEL.



WIZARD.

Lochiel! Lochiel, beware of the day

When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle
array!

For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and
crown;

Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the
plain.

But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of
war,

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?

'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the
gate.

A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-tel-
ling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to
scorn?

Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be
torn!

Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,

From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of
the north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he
rode

Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;

But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!

Ah! home let him speed — for the spoiler is
nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the
blast,

Those embers, like stars from the firmament
cast?

'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of
heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to
burn;

Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it
stood,

And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled
my clan:
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are
one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their
breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the
shock!

Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the
rock!

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clamanald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plum'd in their tartan array — —

WIZARD.

— — Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds, that bark for thy fugi-
tive king.

Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!

Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from
my sight:

Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his
flight!

'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the
moors;

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.

But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?

For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.

Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, for-
lorn,

Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and
torn?

Ah no! for a darker departure is near;

The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;

His death bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel

Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!

Life flutters convuls'd in his quivering limbs,

And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accurs'd be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases
to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale ---

LOCHIEL.

--- Down, soothless insulter! I trust not
the tale:

For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd
in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten
shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of
fame.



H O H E N L I N D E N.



On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

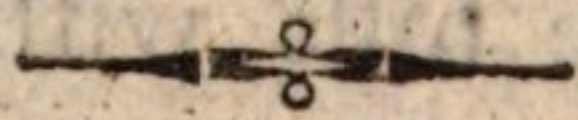
Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n.
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

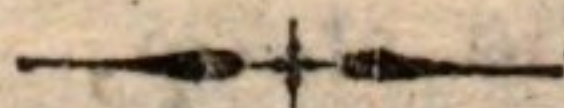
The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.



YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.



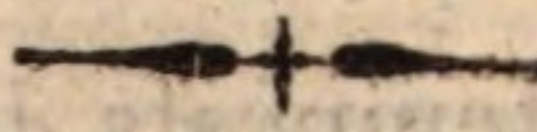
Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has brav'd, a thousand years,
The battle, and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave! —
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;

While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below —
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceas'd to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceas'd to blow.



G L E N A R A.



O heard ye yon pibrach sound sad in the
gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and
wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her
bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and
shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not
aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:
They march'd all in silence — they look'd on
the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and
moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and
hoar:

Now here let us place the grey stone of her
cairn:

„Why speak ye no word!” — said Glenara the
stern.

„And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my
„spouse,

„Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your
„brows?”

So spake the rude chieftain: — no answer is
made,

But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

„I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,”
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful
and loud;

„And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem:
„Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!”

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I
ween,

When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady
was seen;

When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in
scorn,

'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen
of Lorn:

„I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,

„I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:

„On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;

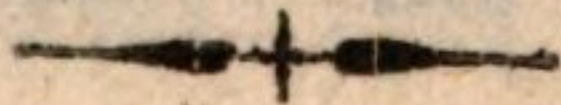
„Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!”

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the
ground,

And the desert reveal'd where his lady was
found;

From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,

Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!



LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A Chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, „Boatman, do not tarry!
„And I'll give thee a silver pound,
„To row us o'er the ferry.” —

„Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
„This dark and stormy water?”
„Oh I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
„And this Lord Ullin's daughter. —

„And fast before her father's men
„Three days we've fled together,
„For should he find us in the glen,
„My blood would stain the heather.

„His horsemen hard behind us ride;
„Should they our steps discover,
„Then who will cheer my bonny bride
„When they have slain her lover?” —

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight

„I'll go, my chief — I'm ready: —

„It is not for your silver bright;

„But for your winsome lady:

„And by my word! the bonny bird

„In danger shall not tarry;

„So, though the waves are raging white,

„I'll row you o'er the ferry.” —

By this the storm grew loud apace,

The water-wraith was shrieking; ⁸⁰

And in the scowl of heav'n each face

Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,

And as the night grew drearer,

Adown the glen rode armed men,

Their trampling sounded nearer. —

„Oh haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,

„Though tempests round us gather;

„I'll meet the raging of the skies,

„But not an angry father.” —

The boat has left a stormy land,

A stormy sea before her, —

When oh! too strong for human hand,

The tempest gather'd o'er her. —

And still they row'd amidst the roar

Of waters fast prevailing:

Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,

His wrath was chang'd to wailing. —

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,

His child he did discover: —

One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,

And one was round her lover.

„Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,

„Across this stormy water:

„And I'll forgive your Highland chief,

„My daughter! — oh my daughter!” —

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,

Return or aid preventing: —

The waters wild went o'er his child —

And he was left lamenting.

L I N E S

ON THE
THE GRAVE OF SUICIDE.

By strangers left upon a lonely shore,
Unknown, unhonour'd, was the friendless
dead:

For child to weep, or widow to deplore,
There never came to his unburied head —
All from his dreary habitation fled.

Nor will the lantern'd fisherman at eve
Launch on that water by the witches' tow'r,
Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave
Round its dark vaults a melancholy bow'r,
For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted
hour.

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate!

Whose crime it was, on life's unfinish'd road
To feel the stepdame buffetings of fate,
And render back thy being's heavy load.

Ah! once, perhaps, the social passions glow'd
In thy devoted bosom — and the hand
That smote its kindred heart, might yet be
prone

To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown? —
He who thy being gave shall judge of thee
alone.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY AT THE
CLOSE OF 1800.

ODE TO WINTER.

When first the fiery-mantled sun
His heavenly race began to run;
Round the earth and ocean blue,
His children four the Seasons flew.
First, in green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smil'd with angel grace;
Rosy Summer next advancing,
Rush'd into her sire's embrace:
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
On India's citron-cover'd isles:
More remote and buxom-brown,
The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar,
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-born car to ride,
With barren darkness by his side.

Round the shore where loud Lofoden

Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin

Howls his war-song to the gale;

Save when adown the ravag'd globe

He travels on his native storm,

Deflow'ring nature's grassy robe,

And trampling on her faded form: —

Till light's returning lord assume

The shaft that drives him to his polar field,

Of power to pierce his raven plume,

And chrystal cover'd shield.

Oh, sire of storms! whose savage ear

The Lapland drum delights to hear,

When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye

Implores thy dreadful deity.

Archangel! power of desolation!

Fast descending as thou art,

Say, hath mortal invocation,

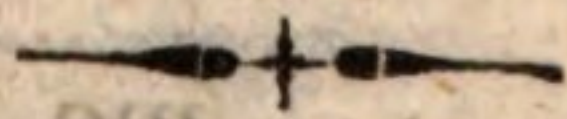
Spells to touch thy stony heart?

Then sullen Winter hear my prayer,

And gently rule the ruin'd year;

Nor chill the wand'rer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear; —
To shuddering want's unmantled bed,
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend. —

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!
The sailor on his airy shrouds;
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
Oh winds of winter! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan;
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.
Alas! ev'n your unhallow'd breath
May spare the victim, fallen low;
But man will ask no truce to death, —
No bounds to human woe.



THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce — for the night-cloud
had low'r'd,

And the centinel stars set their watch in
the sky;

And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
pow'r'd,

The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the
slain;

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,

Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:

'Twas autumn — and sunshine arose on the way

To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd

me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom
was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I
swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never
to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of
heart.

Stay, stay with us — rest, thou art weary and
worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to
stay —

But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted
away.



THE TURKISH LADY.

Twas the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to pray'r,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dew the freshen'd air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose:
Ev'n a captive's spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
Came an eastern lady bright:
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and lov'd an English knight.

„Tell me, captive, why in anguish
„Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
„Where poor Christians as they languish
„Hear no sound of sabbath bell?” —

„’Twas on Transylvania’s Bannat
„When the crescent shone afar,
„Like a pale disastrous planet
„O’er the purple tide of war —

„In that day of desolation,
„Lady, I was captive made;
„Bleeding for my Christian nation
„By the walls of high Belgrade.”

„Captive! could the brightest jewel
„From my turban set thee free?” —
„Lady, no! — the gift were cruel,
„Ransom’d, yet if reft of thee.

„Say, fair princess! would it grieve thee
„Christian climes should we behold?” —
„Nay, bold knight! I would not leave thee
„Were thy ransom paid in gold!”

Now in Heaven's blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father's mansion,
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!
„Fly we then, while none discover!
„Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride!”
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
Clasp'd his blooming Eastern bride.

EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and
chill:

For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight
repairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,

Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,

The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;

But I have no refuge from famine and danger,

A home and a country remain not to me.

Never again, in the green sunny bowers,

Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the
sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me
no more!

Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace — where no perils can
chase me?

Never again, shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?

Where is the mother that look'd on my child-
hood?

And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than
all?

Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure?

Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?

Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without
measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,

One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:

Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!

Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!

Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,

Green be thy fields — sweetest isle of the ocean!

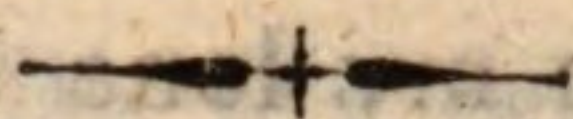
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with

devotion —

Erin mavournin! — Erin go bragh! 21

L I N E S

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY
IN LONDON, WHEN MET TO COMMEMORATE THE
21ST OF MARCH. THE DAY OF VICTORY
IN EGYPT.



Pledge to the much lov'd land that gave us
birth!

Invincible romantic Scotia's shore!

Pledge to the memory of her parted worth!

And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore!

And be it deem'd not wrong that name to give,

In festive hours, which prompts the patriots'
sigh!

Who would not envy such as Moore to live?

And died he not as heroes wish to die?

Yes, tho' too soon attaining glory's goal,

To us his bright career too short was giv'n;

Yet in a mighty cause his phoenix soul

Rose on the flames of victory to Heav'n!

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain,
One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn
For him! — How oft on far Corunna's plain
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn!
Peace to the mighty dead! — our bosom-thanks
In sprightlier strains the living may inspire!
Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire!
Triumphant be the thistle still unfurl'd,
Dear symbol wild! on freedom's hills it
grows,
Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the
world,
And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes.
Joy to the band this day on Egypt's coast,
Whose valour tam'd proud France's tricolor,
And wrench'd the banner from her bravest host,
Baptiz'd Invincible in Austria's gore!
Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,
When bayonet to bayonet oppos'd,

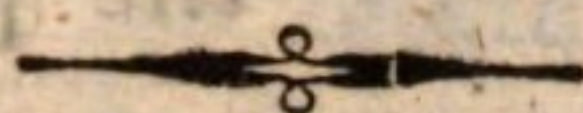
First of Britania's hosts her Highland band
Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost
clos'd!

Is there a son of generous England here
Or fervid Erin? — he with us shall join,
To pray that in eternal union dear,
The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle
twine!

Types of a race who shall th' invader scorn,
As rocks resist the billows round their shore,
Types of a race who shall to time unborn
Their country leave unconquer'd as of yore!

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.



At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mus'd in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the
bower,

Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,

And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior
trode

To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.

Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of Nature, it drew,
From each wandering sun-beam, a lonely embrace;

For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed
the place,

Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all

That remains in this desolate heart!

The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall;

But patience shall never depart!

Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal
and bright,

In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd,
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,

Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,

And leave but a desert behind,

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns

When the faint and the feeble deplore;

Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems

A thousand wild waves on the shore!

Through the perils of chance, and the scowl

of disdain,

May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage

elate!

Yea! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain

Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance

again;

To bear is to conquer our fate,

O'CONNOR'S CHILD,
OF THE
FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

Oh once the harp of Innisfail ⁸²
Was strung full high to notes of gladness;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,
The harper told, how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The Lady in the-desert dwelt;
And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt;

Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

Sweet lady! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's pow'r,
As in the palace of her sires
She bloom'd a peerless flow'r.

Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
The royal broche, the jewell'd ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone
Like dew on lilies of the spring.

Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne, ⁸³
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet in Leinster unexplor'd,
Her friends survive the English sword;
Why lingers she from Erin's host,
So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast;
Why wanders she a huntress wild —
O'Connors's pale and lovely child?

And fix'd on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness;
And wherefore do they then return

To more than woman's mildness?
Dishevell'd are her raven locks,
On Connocht Moran's name she calls
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Plac'd in the foxglove and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross!
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shieling ⁸⁴ door,
Enjoys that in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet:
For lo! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad, ⁸⁴
A son of light — a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad:
Now on the grass-green tnrf he sits,
His tassell'd horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mourner! those are shadows vain,

That cross the twilight of her brain;
Yet she will tell you, she is blest,
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd,
More richly than in Aghrim's bow'r,
When bards high prais'd her beauty's pow'r,
And kneeling pages offer'd up
The morat in a golden cup ⁸⁵.

„A hero's bride! this desert bow'r,
„It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
„And wherefore dost thou love this flow'r
„To call — my love lies bleeding?”
„This purple flow'r my tears have nurs'd;
„A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
„I love it, for it was the first
„That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
„Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!
„This desert mansion is my choice;
„And blest, tho' fatal, be the star
„That led me to its wilds afar:
„For here these pathless mountains free
„Gave shelter to my love and me;

„And every rock and every stone
„Bare witness that he was my own.

„O'Connor's child, I was the bud
„Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
„But woe to them that wrapt in blood
„The tissue of my story!
„Still as I clasp my burning brain,
„A death-scene rushes on my sight;
„It rises o'er and o'er again,
„The bloody feud, — the fatal night,
„When chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
„They call'd my hero basely born;
„And bade him choose a meaner bride
„Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
„Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
„Was sung in Tara's psaltery⁸⁷;
„Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
„And Cathal of the bloody hand, —
„Glory (they said) and power and honour
„Were in the mansion of O'Connor:
„But he, my lov'd one, bore in field
„A meaner crest upon his shield.

„Ah, brothers! what did it avail,
„That fiercely and triumphantly
„Ye fought the English of the pale,
„And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry? ⁸⁸
„And what was it to love and me,
„That barons by your standard rode;
„Or beal-fires ⁸⁹ for your jubilee,
„Upon an hundred mountains glow'd?
„What tho' the lords of tower and dome
„From Shannon to the North-sea foam, —
„Thought ye your iron hands of pride
„Could break the knot that love had tied?
„No: — let the eagle change his plume,
„The leaf its hue, the flow'r its bloom;
„But ties around this heart were spun,
„That could not, would not, be undone!

„At bleating of the wild watch-fold
„Thus sang my love — “Oh come with me:
“Our bark is on the lake, behold
“Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.
“Come far from Castle-Connor's clans —
“Come with thy belted forester,

“And I, beside the lake of swans,
“shall hunt for thee the fallow deer;
“And build thy hut and bring thee home
“The wild fowl, and the honey-comb;
“And berries from the wood provide,
“And play my clarshech ⁹⁰ by thy side.
“Then come, my love!“ — ”How could I stay?
„Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way,
„And I pursued by moonless skies,
„The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

„And fast and far, before the star
„Of day-spring rush'd we thro' the glade,
„And saw at dawn the lofty bawn ⁹¹
„Of Castle-Connor fade.
„Sweet was to us the hermitage
„Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore:
„Like birds all joyous from the cage,
„For man's neglect we lov'd it more.
„And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
„To search the game with hawk and spear;
„While I, his evening food to dress,
„Would sing to him in happiness.

„But oh, that midnight of despair!

„When I was doom'd to rend my hair:

„The night, to me of shrieking sorrow!

„The night, to him that had no morrow!

„When all was hush'd at even tide,

„I heard the baying of their beagle:

„Be hush'd! my Connocht Moran cried,

„'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.

„Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound,

„Their bloody bands had track'd us out;

„Up-list'ning starts our couchant hound —

„And hark! again, that nearer shout

„Brings faster on the murderers.

„Spare — spare him — Brazil — Desmond

„fierce!

„In vain — no voice the adder charms;

„Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms:

„Another's sword has laid him low —

„Another's and another's;

„And every hand that dealt the blow —

„Aye me! it was a brother's!

„Yes, when his moanings died away,

„Their iron hands had dug the clay,
„And o'er his burial turf they trod,
„And I beheld — Oh God! Oh God!
„His life-blood oozing from the sod!

„Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
„Alas! my warrior's spirit brave,
„Nor mass nor ulla-lulla ⁹² heard,
„Lamenting sooth his grave.
„Dragg'd to their hated mansion back,
„How long in thralldom's grasp I lay,
„I know not, for my soul was black,
„And knew no change of night or day.
„One night of horror round me grew;
„Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
„'Twas but when those grim visages,
„The angry brothers of my race,
„Glar'd on each eye-ball's aching throb,
„And check'd my bosom's pow'r to sob;
„Or when my heart with pulses drear,
„Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

„But Heav'n, at last, my soul's eclipse
„Did with a vision bright inspire:

„I woke, and felt upon my lips
„A prophetess's fire.
„Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
„I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
„And rang'd, as to the judgment seat,
„My guilty, trembling brothers round.
„Clad in the helm and shield they came;
„For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
„Had ravag'd Ulster's boundaries,
„And lighted up the midnight skies.
„The standard of O'Connor's sway
„Was in the turret where I lay:
„That standard, with so dire a look,
„And ghastly shone the moon and pale,
„I gave, — that every bosom shook
„Beneath its iron mail.

„And go! I cried, the combat seek,
„Ye hearts that unappalled bore
„The anguish of a sister's shriek,
„Go! — and return no more!
„For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
„Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold

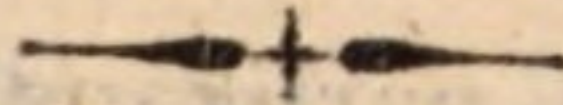
„The banner with victorious hand,
„Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.
„Oh stranger! by my country's loss!
„And by my love! and by the cross!
„I swear I never could have spoke
„The curse that sever'd nature's yoke;
„But that a spirit o'er me stood,
„And fir'd me with the wrathful mood;
„And frenzy to my heart was giv'n,
„To speak the malison of heav'n.

„They would have cross'd themselves all mute,
„They would have pray'd to burst the spell;
„But at the stamping of my foot
„Each hand down pow'rless fell;
„And go to Athunree! I cried ⁹³
„High lift the banner of your pride!
„But know that where its sheet unrolls
„The weight of blood is on your souls!
„Go where the havoc of your kerne
„Shall float as high as mountain fern! —
„Men shall no more your mansion know!
„The nettles on your hearth shall grow!

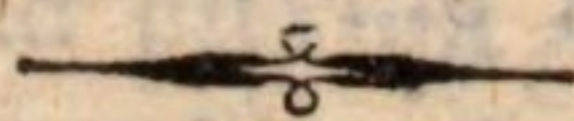
„Dead as the green oblivious flood,
„That mantles by your walls, shall be
„The glory of O'Connor's blood!
„Away! away to Athunree!
„Where downward when the sun shall fall
„The raven's wing shall be your pall;
„And not a vassal shall unlace
„The vizor from your dying face!

„A bolt that overhung our dome
„Suspended 'till my curse was giv'n,
„Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam,
„Peal'd in the blood-red heav'n.
„Dire was the look that o'er their backs
„The angry parting brothers threw:
„But now, behold! like cataracts,
„Come down the hills in view,
„O'Connor's plumed partizans,
„Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
„Were marching to their doom:
„A sudden storm their plumage toss'd
„A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd,
„And all again was gloom!

„Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
„At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
„I found the helmet of my chief,
„His bow still hanging on our wall;
„And took it down, and vow'd to rove
„This desert place a huntress bold;
„Nor would I change my buried love
„For any heart of living mould.
„No! for I am a hero's child;
„I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
„And still my home this mansion make,
„Of all unheeded and unheeding,
„And cherish, for my warrior's sake,
„The flower of love lies bleeding.”



LOVE AND MADNESS;
AN ELEGY.



Hark from the battlements of yonder tower⁹¹.
The solemn bell has toll'd the midnight hour!
Rous'd from drear visions of distemper'd sleep,
Poor B——k wakes — in solitude to weep!

„Cease, Mem'ry, cease (the friendless mour-
ner cried)

To probe the bosom too severely tried!
Oh! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray
Through the bright fields of Fortune's better day,
When youthful Hope, the music of the mind,
Tun'd all its charms, and E——n was kind!

„Yet, can I cease, while glows this tremb-
ling frame,

In sighs to speak thy melancholy name?

I hear thy spirit wail in every storm!

In midnight shades I view thy passing form!

Pale as in that sad hour, when doom'd to feel,
Deep in thy perjur'd heart, the bloody steel!

„Demons of Vengeance! ye at whose com-
mand

I grasp'd the sword with more than woman's
hand,

Say ye, did Pity's trembling voice controul,
Or horror damp the purpose of my soul!

No! my wild heart sat smiling o'er the plan,
Till Hate fulfill'd what baffled Love began!

„Yes, let the clay-cold breast, that never
knew

One tender pang to generous Nature true,
Half-mingling pity with the gall of scorn,
Condemn this heart, that bled in love forlorn!

„And ye, proud fair, whose soul no glad-
ness warms,

Save Rapture's homage to your conscious charms!
Delighted idols of a gaudy train!

Ill can your blunter feelings guess the pain,
When the fond faithful heart, inspir'd to prove

Friendship refin'd, the calm delight of love,
Feels all its tender strings with anguish torn,
And bleeds at perjur'd Pride's inhuman scorn!

„Say, then, did pitying Heav'n condemn the
deed,

When Vengeance bade thee, faithless lover!
bleed?

Long had I watch'd thy dark foreboding brow,
What time thy bosom scorn'd its dearest vow!

Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover

chang'd,

Till from thy pity, love, and shelter, thrown,

I wander'd, hopeless, friendless, and alone!

„Oh! righteous Heav'n! 'twas then my tor-
tur'd soul

First gave to wrath unlimited controul!

Adieu the silent look! the streaming eye!

The murmur'd plaint! the deep heart-heaving
sigh!

Long slumb'ring Vengeance wakes to better
deeds;

He shrieks, he falls, the perjur'd lover bleeds!
Now the last laugh of agony is o'er,
And pale in blood he sleeps, to wake no more!

„'Tis done! the flame of hate no longer
burns;

Nature relents, but ah! too late returns!
Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel?
Trembling and faint, I drop the guilty steel!
Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies,
And shades of horror close my languid eyes!

„Oh! 'twas a deed of Murder's deepest
grain!

Could B — — k's soul so true to wrath re-
main?

A friend long true, a once fond lover fell! —
Where love was foster'd, could not Pity dwell?

„Unhappy youth! while yon pale crescent
glows,

To watch on silent Nature's deep repose,
Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,
Foretells my fate, and summons me to come!

Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand!

„Soon may this fluttering spark of vital
flame

Forsake its languid melancholy frame!

Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre
close,

Welcome the dreamless night of long repose!

Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne,

Where, lull'd to slumber, Grief forgets to
mourn!



THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

Alone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube

Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:

Oh whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd, my
love;

Or here dost thou welter, and bleed on the
shore?

What voice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that
sigh'd!

All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd
she far,

When bleeding, and low, on the heath she
descried,

By the light of the moon, her poor wounded
Hussar!

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was
streaming,

And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with
a scar;

And dim was that eye, once expressively bea-
ming,

That melted in love, and that kindled in war!

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!

How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!

Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sor-
rowful night,

To cheer the lone heart of thy wounded
Hussar?

Thou shalt live, she replied; Heaven's mercy,
relieving

Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to
mourn!

Ah, no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving!

No light of the morn shall to Henry return!

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!

Ye babes of my love, that await me afar! —

His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,

When he sunk in her arms — the poor woun-
ded Hussar!



G I L D E R O Y.



The last, the fatal hour is come,

That bears my love from me:

I hear the dead note of the drum,

I mark the gallows tree!

The bell has toll'd it shakes my heart;

The trumpet speaks thy name;

And must my Gilderoy depart,

To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom;

No mourner wipes a tear

The gallow's foot is all thy tomb,

The sledge is all thy bier!

Oh! Gilderoy bethought we then
So soon, so sad, to part,
When first, in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumph'd o'er my heart?

Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore
These limbs in fetters bound;
Or hear, upon thy scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combin'd
The guiltless to pursue;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you!

A long adieu! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes! they will mock thy widow's tears,
And hate thine orphan boy;
Alas! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy!

Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay;
And weep and linger on the ground,
And sigh my heart away!



THE HARPER.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah
was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went, was my poor dog, Tray.

When at last I was forc'd from my Sheelah
to part,
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart)
Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away;
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog
Tray.

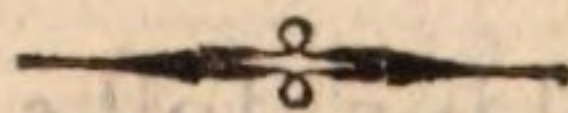
Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure
And he constantly lov'd me, although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless
away,

I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

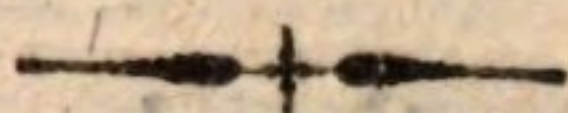
When the road was so dark, and the night
was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
And he lick'd me for kindness — my poor dog
Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd
his case,
Nor refus'd my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet, on a cold winter day,
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog
Tray.

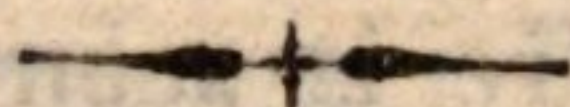
Where now shall I go, poor forsaken and
blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.



THE FOLLOWING TWO POEMS
WERE KINDLY COMMUNICATED
TO THE EDITOR WITHOUT THE
NAME OF THE AUTHOR.



T H E T H O R N.

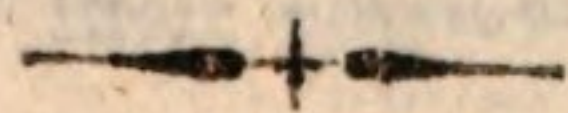


From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe
requested

A sprig, her fair breast to adorn;
No, by heav'ns! I exclaim'd, may I perish
If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn!

Then I show'd her a ring, and implor'd her
to marry;

She blush'd like the dawning of morn!
Yes, she replied, I consent, if you promise,
That no jealous rival shall laugh, me to scorn.
No, by heav'ns! I exclaim'd may I perish,
If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn!



L O V E

In peace Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls in gay attire is seen;
In hamlet dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove;
And men below, and saints above;
For Love is Heav'n, and Heav'n is Love.

N O T E S

1. **T**he mocking bird (*Turdus polyglottus* Lin.) is of the form, but larger, than the thrush; and the colours are a mixture of black, white, and grey. His few natural notes resemble those of the nightingale; his song, however, has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale, and he has the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful. He imitates all the other singing birds, and is frequently known so engaged in this mimicry that an opportunity of hearing his own natural note may scarcely be obtained.

2. Scotland.

3. The Gaelic appellation for the porpoise (*Delphinus Phocaena* Lin.)

4. Corbrechtan is the great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides, near the Island of Jura.

5. The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognize a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt of wampum. Wampum is made of the large whelk shell (*Buccinum*) and shaped like long beads; it is the current money of the Indians.

6. When the Indians solicit the alliance, offensive or defensive, of a whole nation, they send an embassy with a large belt of wampum and a bloody hatchet, inviting them to come and drink the blood of their enemies. They have the art of

stringing, twisting, and interweaving them into their belts, collars, blankets etc. in tenthousand different sizes, forms and figures, so as to be ornaments for every part of dress, and expressive to them of all their important transactions.

7. Arcousky, the Indian god of war.

8. Manitou, spirit or deity.

9. The fever-balm is a medicine used by these tribes; it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever-Tree. Sagamité is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

10. The Indians are distinguished, both personally and by tribes, by the name of particular animals whose qualities they affect to resemble either for cunning, strenght, swiftness, or other qualities.

11. The calumet is the Indian name for the ornamented pipe of friendship, which they smoke as a pledge of amity.

12. The Indian mothers suspend their children in their cradles — consisting in a piece of thick board, spread over with soft moss, and bent pieces of wood like pieces of hoops fastened to the board, so as to protect the child — from the boughs of trees and let them be rocked by the wind.

13. Mocasins, a sort of Indian buskins.

14. From a flower shaped like a horn, which Chateaubriant presumes to be of the Lotus kind, the Indians in their travels through the desart often find a draught of dew, purer than any other water.

15. It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century.

16. The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passenger, are yet waved in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery.

17. Cougar, the American lion (*Felis concolor*) much less in size than the true lion and without a mane.

18. Brandt was the leader of those Mohawks, and other savages, who laid waste this part of Pennsylvania. He was a most cruel fellow, and engaged to allure by bribes, or to force by threats, many Indian tribes to the expedition against Pennsylvania. The allusion of the Indian chief to the Mammoth (big buffalo) seems very proper, the Delaware tribe imputing to this enormous animal an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals. The Mammoth bones are found at the Salt-licks on the Ohio; the grinders are not flat like the Elephant's, but beset with thick conical points, hence some naturalists have called this animal the carnivorous Elephant.

19. Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

20. The seven strings of Appollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to this instrument.

21. Linnaeus.

22. Loxias is a name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers: it is met with more than once in the *Choephora* of Aeschylus.

23. Among the negroes of the West-Indies, Obi, or Obiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. The Poet has therefore personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirits of their religious creed by a different appellation.

24. Mr. Bell of Antermomy, in his travels through Siberia, informs us, that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

25. The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

26. Robert Bruce defended the righteous cause of Scotland against its suppressors Edward I. and II.; he was crowned King of Scotland (1306) by the bishop of St. Andrews, in the Abbey of Scone, and fought the famous battle of Bannockburn, where the English were utterly defeated.

27. Algernon Sidney beheaded for republican principles under Charles II.

28. John Hampden famous for his refusal in the year 1636 to pay the shipmoney as an illegal tax, which drew upon him a prosecution in the Exchequer. When the Long Parliament met in which he was returned as knight of the Shire for the county of Buckingham, the eyes of all men were fixed upon him, as their pater patriae, and the pilot, who must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks, which threaten'd it. And his power and interest at that time was greater to good or hurt, than any man's in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath had at any time; for his reputation for honesty was universal, and his affections seemed so publicly guided, that no corrupt or private end could biass them.

29. The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

30. To elucidate this passage, the author subjoins a quotation from the preface to *Lettres from a Hindoo Rajah* by Eliza Hamilton, a work of elegance and celebrity.

„The impostor of Mecca had established as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it, either by persuasion or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history. The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe, and covered many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquests opposed, by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope, that by the destruction of a part, the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahomedism; but all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length being fully convinced, that though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert, any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea, with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan.”

31. See the description of the Cape of good Hope, translated from Comoens by Mickle.

32. The following account of British conduct and its consequences in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage.

After describing the monopoly of salt, betel-nut and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus: „Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was,

remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk; — they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt — scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed — sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied.” — See History of the English transactions in the East Indies.

33. Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

34. Camdeo is the god of love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Gansea and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities Janus and Minerva.

35. Falconer in his poem the Shipwreck speaks of himself by the name of Arion. Canto III.

36. See Schiller's tragedy of the Robbers. Scene V.

37. The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Caesar has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

38. „In this extremity,” (says the biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Poltawa,) „the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes.”

39. The natives of the island of Jona have an opinion that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church-spires, counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

40. See the history of Ajut and Anningait in the Rambler.

41. Orlando furioso. Canto 10.

42. By night, particularly in a warm latitude, every stroke of the oar, every motion of the boat or ship, is followed by a slight flashlike sheet lightning from the water.

43. Coffee.

44. Pipe.

45. Dancing girls.

46. The Dervises are in colleges, and of different orders, as the monks.

47. Satan.

48. A common and not very novel effect of Mossulman anger. See Prince Eugene's Memoirs p. 24. „The Seraskier „received a wound in the thigh; he pluck'd up his beard by „the roots, because he was obliged to quit the field.”

49. Gulnare, a female name; it means literally, the flower of the Pomegranate.

50. In Sir Thomas More, for instance, on the scaffold, and Anne Boleyn in the Tower, when grasping her neck, she remarked, that it „was too slender to trouble the headsman much.” During one part of the French Revolution, it became a fashion to leave some „mot” as a legacy; and the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a melancholy jest-book of a considerable size.

51. Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

52. The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our

own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of shorter duration.

53. The Kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. — Cephissus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

54. The opening lines as far as this, have perhaps, little business here, and were annexed to an unpublished (though printed) poem; but they were written on the spot in the Spring of 1811, and — I scarce know why — the reader must excuse their appearance here if he can.

55. The Comboloio, or Mahometan rosary; the beads are in number ninety-nine.

56. In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay.

57. Coronach is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

58. O h o n e a r i e' signifies: „Alas for the prince or chief.”

59. The term Sassenach or Saxon is applied by the Highlanders to their low-country neighbours.

60. The pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands, from that town.

61. Fires lighted by the Highlanders on the first of May.

62. Benledi, Benmore and Benvoirlich are mountains at no great distance from Glenfinlas.

63. Will good St. Oran's rule prevail.

St. Oran was a friend and follower of St. Columba, and was buried in Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain daemons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel.

Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgement, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost dispatch. The chapel however and the cemetery, was called Reilig Ouran; and in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

64. Tartans. The full Highland dress made of the chequered stuff so termed.

65. Pibroch. A piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bag-pipe.

66. And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer.

St. Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains etc. in Scotland. He was according to Camerarius, an Abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy. A. D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St. Fillan, used to spend whole nights in that exercise.

67. The plate-jack is coat-armour; the vaunt-brace or wam-brace, armour for the body; the sperthe a battle-ax.

68. The black-rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

69. Dryburgh Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed. After its dissolution it became the property of the Haliburtons of Newmains, and is now the seat of the right honourable the earl of Buchan. It belonged to the order of Premonstrateness.

70. Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies.

71. Mertoun is the beautiful seat of Hugh Scott Esq. of Harden.

72. Trysting-place — Place of Rendezvous.

73. Fairy-rings are circular spots on the turf, (occasioned by light'ning) where the grass is of a darker hue, and where plenty of mushrooms are growing. Some are of opinion that these spots be occasioned by shooting-stars.

74. The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Lhamdearg, or Red-hand.

75. Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats.

76. The Galgacus of Tacitus.

77. My life I love you: a Romaic expression of tenderness as much in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenized.

78. In the East where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations, flowers, cinders pebbles etc. convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury — an old woman. A cinder says: I burn for thee; a bunch of flowers tied with hair: take me and fly; but a pebble declares — what nothing else can.

78 b. Lochiel, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked, the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the „gentle Lochiel,” for he was famed for his social vir-

tues as much as his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale, Lochiel went to meet him, but, on his way, called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassavern), and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassavern advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. „No,” said Lochiel, „I think it due to my Prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard.” „Brother,” replied Fassavern, „I know you better than you know yourself; if the Prince once sets his eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases.” The interview accordingly took place, and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents; or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, „that he was determined to put all to the hazard.” „In a few days,” said he, „I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who by my father has often told me he was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince.” „No,” said Lochiel, „I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power.”

The other chieftains who followed Charles embraced his cause with no better hopes. It engages our sympathy most strongly in their behalf, that no motive, but their fear to be reproached with cowardice or disloyalty, impelled them to the hopeless adventure. Of this we have an example in the interview of prince Charles with Clanronald, another leading chieftain in the rebel army.

„Charles,” says Home, „almost reduced to despair, in his discourse with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and, summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him that to take up arms without concert or support was to pull down certain ruin on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued, and implored. During this conversation (they were on shipboard) the parties walked backwards and forwards on the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to enquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the prince of Wales; when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their prince; his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and turning briskly to him, called out, „Will you assist me?” „I will, I will,” said Ronald, „though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!” Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said, he wished all the Highlanders were like him. Without farther deliberation the two Macdonalds declared that they would also join, and use their utmost endeavours to engage their countrymen to take arms.” — Home's Hist. Rebellion, p. 40.

79. Constantinople.

79d. The Author fell in love with a Lady, who was previously destined to another; he went abroad to soothe and possibly forget the sorrow of his disappointment. He seemingly wrote these Stanzas when he found her married on his return. The gloomy character which many of his poems bear, is evidently owing to the pangs which he felt.

80. The evil spirit of the waters.

81. Ireland my darling — Ireland for ever.

82. Innisfail, the ancient name of Ireland.

83. Kerne, the plural of Kern, an Irish foot-soldier. In this sense the word is used by Shakspeare. Gainsford in his *Glory's of England*, says, „They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their kerne think no man dead until his head be off.”

84. Shieling, a rude cabin or hut.

85. Yellow, dyed from saffron, was the favourite colour of the ancient Irish. When the Irish chieftains came to make terms with queen Elizabeth's lord lieutenant, we are told by sir John Davis, that they came to court in saffron-coloured uniforms.

86. Morat, a drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey.

87. The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great, that one of the O'Neals being told that Barrett of Castlemone had been there only 400 years, he replied, — that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday.

Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are given by the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The psalter of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland. The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish is the reign of their great and favourite monarch Ollam Fodlah, who reigned, according to Keating, about 950 years before the Christian era. Under him

was instituted the great Fes at Tara, which it is pretended was a triennial convention of the states, or a parliament; the members of which were the Druids, and other learned men, who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of these entertainments; from which, if credible, we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions, the Irish historians inform us that when the banquet was ready to be served up, the shield-bearers of the princes, and other members of the convention, delivered in their shields and targets, which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These were arranged by the grand marshal and principal herald, and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table; and upon entering the apartments, each member took his seat under his respective shield or target, without the slightest disturbance. The concluding days of meeting, it is allowed by the Irish antiquarians, were spent in very free excess of conviviality; but the first six, they say, were devoted to the examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly, they were transcribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation, which was called the Register, or Psalter of Tara.

Col. Valency gives a translation of an old Irish fragment, found in Trinity college, Dublin, in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described, as it existed in the reign of Cormac.

„In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven dice or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments; one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping

rooms for guards, and sixty men in each: the height was twenty-seven cubits; there [were one hundred and fifty common drinking horns, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modelers, and nobles. The Irish description of the banqueting-hall is thus translated: twelve stalls or divisions in each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, and two to each table; one hundred guests in all.”

88. The house of O'Connor had a right to boast of their victories over the English. It was a chief of the O'Connor race who gave a check to the English champion, De Courcey, so famous for his personal strength, and for cleaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in the presence of the kings of France and England, when the French champion declined the combat with him. Though ultimately conquered by the English under De Bourgo, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride of that name on a memorable occasion: viz. when Walter De Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo who won the battle of Athunree, had become so insolent as to make excessive demands upon the territories of Connaught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and properties reserved by the Irish chiefs. Aeth O'Connor, a near descendant of the famous Cathal, surnamed of the bloody hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated the English so severely, that their general died of chagrin after the battle.

89. The month of May is to this day called *Mi Bealtienne*, i. e. the month of Beal's fire, in the original language of Ireland, and hence I believe the name of the Beltan festival in the Highlands. These fires were lighted on the summits of mountains (the Irish antiquaries say) in honour of the sun; and are supposed, by those conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin of the Irish from some nation who worshipped Baal or Belus. Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of *Cnoc Greine*, i. e. the hill of the sun; and on all are to be seen the ruins of druidical altars.

90. The clarshech, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British islands. — The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as in all their coins, on which musical instruments are represented, we see only the Roman lyre, and not the British teylín or harp.

91. Bawn, from the Teutonic Bawen or Bauen — to build, to construct and secure with branches of trees, was so called because the primitive Celtic fortification was made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs of trees. This word is used by Spencer; but is inaccurately called by Mr. Todd, his annotator, an eminence.

92. The Irish lamentation for the dead.

93. In the reign of Edward the Second, the Irish presented to Pope John the Twenty-second a memorial of their sufferings under the English, of which the language exhibits all the strength of despair. — „Ever since the English (say „they) first appeared upon our coasts, they entered our territories under a certain specious pretence of charity, and external hypocritical shew of religion, endeavouring at the „same time, by every artifice malice could suggest, to extirpate us root and branch, and without any other right than „that of the strongest, they have so far succeeded by base fraudulence, and cunning, that they have forced us to quit our „fair and ample habitations and inheritances, and to take refuge like wild beasts in the mountains, the woods, and the „morasses of the country; — nor even can the caverns and „dens protect us against their insatiable avarice. They pursue „us even into these frightful abodes; endeavouring to dispossess us of the wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogate to themselves the property of every place on which we can „stamp the figure of our feet..”

The greatest effort ever made by the ancient Irish to regain their native independence was made at the time when they called over the brother of Robert Bruce from Scotland. — William de Bourgo, brother to the Earl of Ulster, and Richard de Bermingham were sent against the main body of the native insurgents, who were headed rather than commanded by Felim O'Connor. — The important battle, which decided the subjection of Ireland, took place on the 10th of August, 1315. It was the bloodiest that ever was fought between the two nations, and continued throughout the whole day, from the rising to the setting sun. The Irish fought with inferior discipline, but with great enthusiasm. They lost ten thousand men, among whom were twenty-nine chiefs of Connaught. — Tradition states that after this terrible day, the O'Connor family, like the Fabian, were so nearly exterminated, that throughout all Connaught not one of the name remained, except Felim's brother, who was capable of bearing arms.

E r r a t a.

- Page 4, line 10, light for ligt
- 10, line 1, pensive for pensivo
 - 21, last line, thee for the
 - 39, line 3, years for yars
 - 48, line 10, see for sec
 - 94, line 2, intim for ntim
 - 107, line 1, mourn for morn
 - — line 13, Siren for Syren
 - 119, last line but one, which for wich
 - 128, line 4 from below, straggling for stragling
 - 167, line 15, chance for change
 - 177, last line, to for too
 - 204, line 13, inmate for immate
 - — last line, mourn for morn
 - 206, line 5 from below, sub for sab
 - 207, line 6, grieve for gieve
 - 240, line 4, source for seource
 - 241, last line but one, ness for nes
 - 243, line 8, round for ronnd
 - 247, line 10, beauty for beaunts
 - 250, line 6, deck for dekk
 - 265, line 11, man for mann
 - 266, line 11, knight for night
 - 273, line 3, seere for scere
 - 313, line 7, fought for sought
 - 318, line 14, branches for braaches
 - 335, line 17, stretch'd for strech'd
 - 373, line 3, grave of a suicide for the grave of
suicide
 - 387, line 10, on for ou
 - 392, line 2, or for of
 - 395, line 4 from below, nor's for nors's.

Wiedemann, Christian Rudolph Wilhelm,

Modern english poems

Bd.: 1

Kiel (1815)

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